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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

BATTLE SONG.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Oh, shout, brothers, shout! Call the echoes out!
Shrill the bugles call, loud the drums beat!
Glory to the Lord! Forward is the word!
He is a coward who dreams of retreat!

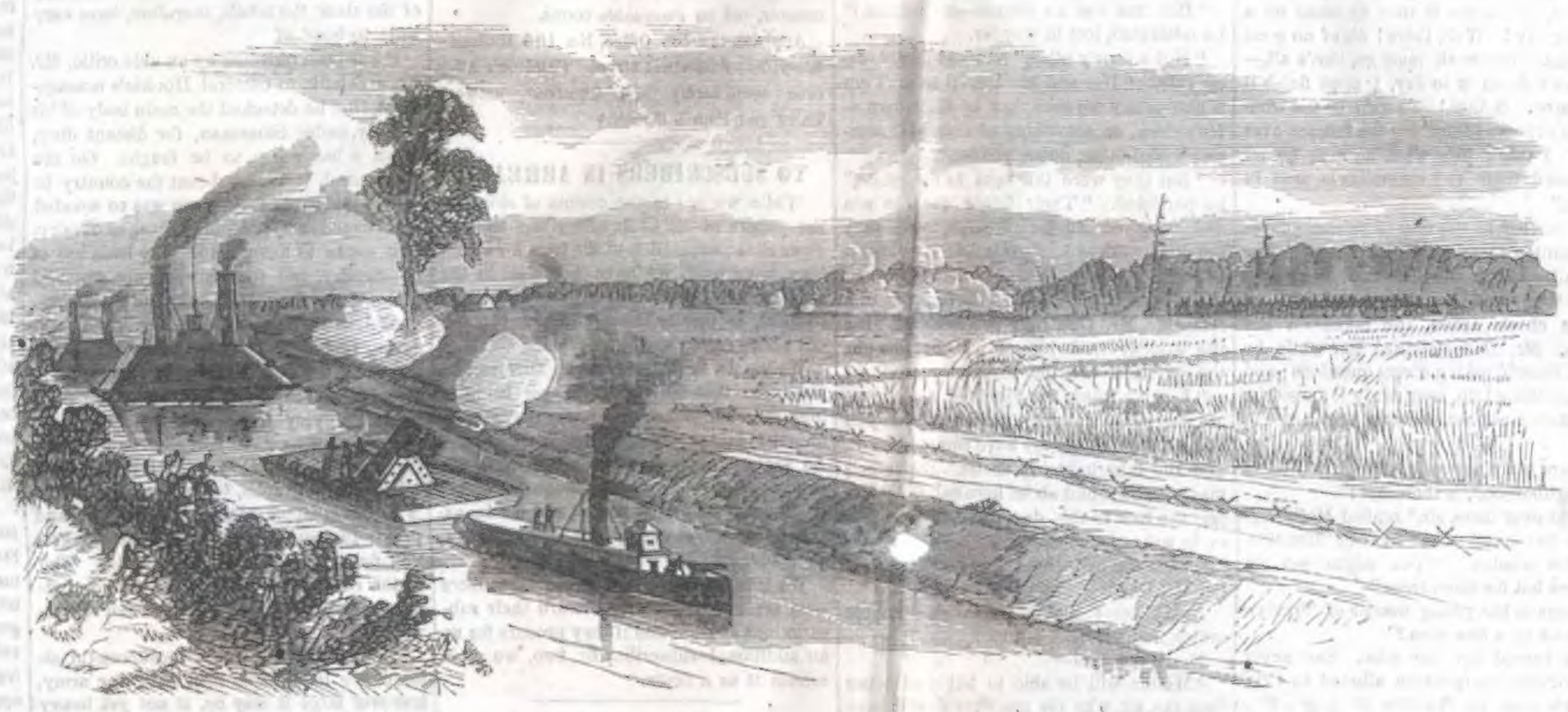
Countrymen, to-day in gallant array
We stand to enforce Heaven's righteous laws;
Since the world began, the blood of mortal man
Never was poured in a holier cause!

Soldiers of the Lord, to-day with the sword
We write our own histories as with a pen;
Forward to the front, and in the battle's brunt,
Fight like valiant heroes, and die like men!

For those whose dear love is precious above
The gold of the mine, the wealth of the seas,
We'll strike with our might for Freedom and Right,
Till the God of Victory crowns us with Peace.

Now, brave loyal band, we'll take the parting hand,
Breathe the last blessing, speak the parting word,
For never, my men, may all join hands again,
Till we meet at the judgment seat of the Lord!

H. M. M. T.



U. S. GUNBOATS LOUISVILLE, CARONDELET, PITTSBURG, AND MORTAR BOATS IN DEER CREEK, SHELLING A REBEL BATTERY FROM THE WOODS.

[FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUT. GEORGE W. BAILEY.]

The above, engraved expressly for THE POST from the New York *Illustrated News*, illustrates one of the recent events in Mississippi. The object in going up Deer Creek was to sail through it into the Sunflower River, from thence into the Yazoo, beyond Haines's Bluff, and from thence to the rear of Vicksburg; but as only one gunboat could ascend the narrow stream at a time, and the enemy having fifteen heavy guns bearing on the creek at Rolling Fork, and also continually felling trees across the stream, the expedition had to be abandoned. Our forces returned safely with a loss of one soldier and the engineer (on one of the small tugs used for towing the mortar-boats) killed, and two or three wounded, capturing several rebel pickets and scouts, and securing plenty of secesh beef, pork and chickens, smoked hams and other luxuries from Dixie. The residents generally evacuated their homes at short notice, leaving everything behind them; and the whites who stayed at home and the negroes expressed the utmost astonishment to see our ponderous iron-clads steaming up a little but very deep creek, scarcely wider than themselves.

SQUIRE TREVLYN'S HEIR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VERNER'S PRIDE," "EAST LYNNE," "THE CHANNINGS," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXIV.

A FIT OF AMIABILITY IN CRIS.

Rupert came down to breakfast the next morning. He was cold, sick, shivery; little better than he had felt the previous night; his chest was sore, his breathing painful. A good fire burnt in the grate of the breakfast room.—Miss Diana was a friend to fires, and caused them to be lighted as soon as the heat of summer had passed—and Rupert bent over it. He cared for it more than for food; and yet it was no doubt the having gone without food the previous day which was causing the sensation of sickness within him now.

Miss Diana glided in, erect and majestic.

"How are you this morning?" she asked of Rupert.

"Pretty well," he answered, as he warmed his thin hands over the blaze. "I have got the old pain here a bit,"—touching his chest. "It will go off by-and-by, I daresay."

Miss Diana had her eyes riveted on him. The extreme delicacy of his countenance—its lines of fading health—struck upon her greatly. Was he looking worse?—or was it that her absence from home for three weeks had caused her to notice it more than she had done when seeing him daily? She asked herself the question, and she could not decide.

"You don't look very well, Rupert."

"Don't I? I have not felt well for this week or two. I think the walking to Blackstone and back is too much for me."

"You must have a pony," she continued, after a pause.

"Ah! that would be a help to me," he said, his countenance brightening. "I might get on better with what I have to do when there. Mr. Chattaway grumbles, and grumbles; but I declare to you, Aunt Diana, that I do my best. The walk there seems to take away all my energy, and, by the time I sit down, I am unfit for work."

Miss Diana went nearer to him, and spoke in a lower tone.

"What was the reason that you disobeyed Mr. Chattaway with regard to coming in?"

"I did not do it intentionally," he replied. "The time slipped on, and it got late without my noticing it. I think I told you so last night, Aunt Diana."

"Very well. It must not occur again," she said, peremptorily and significantly.—"If you are locked out in future, I shall not interfere."

Mr. Chattaway came in, settling himself into his coat, with a discontented gesture and blue face. He was none the better for his night of sleeplessness, and the torment which had caused it.

Rupert drew away from the fire, leaving the field clear for him: as a schoolboy does at the entrance of his master.

"Don't let us have this trouble with you repeated," he roughly said to Rupert. "As soon as you have breakfasted, you make the best of your way to Blackstone: and don't lag on the road."

"Rupert's not going to Blackstone to-day," said Miss Diana.

Mr. Chattaway turned upon her: no very pleasant expression on his countenance.

"What's that for?"

"I shall keep him at home for a week," she said, "and let him be nursed. After that, I daresay he'll be stronger, and can attend better to his duty in all ways."

Mr. Chattaway could willingly have braved Miss Diana—if he had only dared.—But he did not dare. He strode to the breakfast table and took his seat, leaving those who liked to follow him.

It has been remarked that there was a latent antagonism ever at work in the hearts of George Ryle and Octave Chattaway; and there was certainly ever perpetual, open, and visible antagonism between the actions of Mr. Chattaway and Miss Diana Trevlyn, in so far as they related to the ruling economy at Trevlyn Hold. She had the open-heartedness of the Trevlyns—he the miserly selfishness of the Chattaways—she was liberal on the estate and in the household—he would have been niggardly to a degree.—Miss Diana, however, was the one to reign paramount, and he was angered every hour of his life, by seeing some extravagance—as he deemed it—which might have been avoided. He could indemnify himself at the mines; and there he did as he pleased.

Breakfast over, Mr. Chattaway went out. Cris went out. Rupert, as the day grew warm and bright, strolled into the garden, and basked on the bench there in the sun. He very much enjoyed these days of idleness. To sit as he was doing, now, feeling that no exertion whatever was required of him, that he might stay where he was for the whole day, and gaze up at the blue sky as he fell into thought, or watch the light, fleecy clouds that rose above the horizon, and form them in his fancy to groups of animals, of mountains, of many fantastic things—constituted one of the pleasures of Rupert Trevlyn's life. Not for the bright blue of the sky, not for the wreathing and ever-changing clouds, not even for the warm sunshine and the balmy air—it was not for all these he cared, but for the *rest*. The delightful consciousness that he might be as still as he pleased; that no Blackstone or any other far-to-be-reached place would demand him; that for a whole day he might be at rest—there lay the boon. Nothing could possibly have been more suggestive of his want of strength—as anybody might have guessed who possessed sufficient penetration.

No. Mr. Chattaway need not have feared that Rupert was engaged hatching plots against him, whenever he was out of his sight. Had poor Rupert possessed the desire to hatch such, he would have lacked the energy.

The dinner hour at Trevlyn Hold, nominally early, was frequently regulated by the will or the movements of the master. When he said he could only be home by a given hour—three, four, five, six, as the case might be—then the cook had her orders accordingly. It was fixed on this day for four o'clock. At two (the more ordinary hour for it) Cris came in.

Strictly speaking, however, it was ten minutes past two, and Cris burst into the dining-room with a heated face, afraid lest he should come in for the tail of the meal. Whatever might be the hour fixed, the dinner was required to be on the table to the minute; and it generally was so. Miss Diana was an exacting mistress. Cris burst in, hair untidy, hands unwashed, desperately afraid of losing his share.

A long face drew he. Not a soul was in the room, and the dining-table showed its bright mahogany, nothing upon it. Cris pulled the bell.

"What time do we dine to-day?" he asked, in a sharp tone, of the servant who answered it.

"At four, sir."

"What a nuisance! And I am as hungry as a hunter. Get me something to eat. Here—stop, you!—where are they all?"

"Madam's at home, sir; and I think Miss Octave's at home. The rest are out."

Cris muttered something which was not heard, which perhaps he did not intend should be heard; and when his luncheon was brought in, he sat down to it with great satisfaction. After he had finished, he went to the stables, and by-and-by came in to find his sister.

"I say, Octave, I want to take you for a drive: will you go?"

The unlooked-for attention on her brother's part quite astonished Octave. Before now she had asked him to drive her out, and been met with rough refusal. Cris was of that class of young gentlemen who see no good in overpowering their sisters with politeness.

"Get your things on at once," said Cris.

Octave felt dubious. She was engaged writing letters to some particular friends with whom she kept up a correspondence, and did not much care to be interrupted.

"Where is it to go, Cris?"

"Anywhere. We can drive through Barmester, and so home by the cross roads. Or we'll go down the lower road to Barbrook and go on to Barmester that way."

The suggestions did not offer sufficient attraction to Octave.

"No," said she. "I am busy, Cris, and shall not go out this afternoon. I don't care to drive out when there's nothing to go for."

"You may as well come. It isn't often I ask you."

"No, that it is not," returned Octave, with emphasis. "You have some particular motive in asking me to go now, I know.—What is it, Cris?"

"I want to try my new horse. They say he'll go beautifully in harness."

"What! that handsome horse you took a fancy to the other day?—that papa said you should not buy?"

Cris nodded.

"They let me have him for forty-five pounds."

"Where did you get the money?" wondered Octave.

"Never you mind. I have paid ten pounds down, and they'll wait for the rest. Will you come?"

"No," said Octave. "I shan't go out to-day."

The refusal perhaps was somewhat softened by the dashing up to the door of the dog-cart with the new purchase in it; and Cris ran out.

A handsome animal, certainly, but apparently a remarkably sprightly one, for it was executing a dance on its hind legs.

Mrs. Chattaway came through the hall, dressed for walking. Cris seized upon her.

"Mother, dear, you'll go for a drive with me," cried he, caressingly. "Octave won't—an ill-natured thing!"

It was so unusual a circumstance to find herself made much of by her son, spoken to affectionately, that Mrs. Chattaway in very surprise and gratitude, ascended the dog-cart forthwith.

"I am glad to accompany you, dear," she softly said. "I was only going to walk in the garden."

But before Cris had gathered the reins in his hand and taken his place beside her, George Ryle came up, and somewhat hindered the departure.

"I have been to Barmester to see Caroline this morning, Mrs. Chattaway, and have brought you a message from Amelia," he said, keeping his hold on the side of the dog-cart as he spoke—as much of a hold as he could keep on it, for the dancing horse.

"That she wants to come home, I suppose?" said Mrs. Chattaway, smiling.

"The message I was charged with was, that she *would* come home," he said, smiling in answer. "The fact is Caroline is coming home for a few days; and Amelia thinks she will be cruelly dealt by, unless she is allowed the holiday also."

"Caroline is coming to the harvest home?"

"Yes. I told Ameli—"

The holding on became impossible; and George drew back, and took a critical survey of the new horse.

"Why, it is the horse Atkins has had for sale!" he exclaimed. "What brings him here, Cris?"

"I have bought him," shortly answered Cris.

"Have you? Mrs. Chattaway, I would not advise you to venture out behind that horse. I do not think he has been broken in for harness."

"He has," returned Cris. "You mind your own business. Do you think I should drive him if he were not safe? He's only skittish. I understand horses, I hope, as well as you."

George turned to Mrs. Chattaway.

"Do not go with him," he urged. "Let Cris try him first alone."

"I am not afraid, George," she said in a loving accent. "It is not often Cris finds time to drive me. Thank you all the same."

Cris gave the horse his head, and the animal dashed off. George stood watching until the angle in the avenue hid them from view, and then gave utterance to an involuntary exclamation:—

"Cris has no right to risk the life of his mother."

Not very long afterwards, this skittish horse was flying along the road, with nothing of the dog-cart left behind him, except its shafts.

CHAPTER XXV.

AN INVASION AT THE PARSONAGE.

On the lower road, leading from Trevlyn Farm to Barbrook, was situated Barbrook rectory. A pretty house it was, covered with ivy, standing in the midst of a productive garden, and surrounded by green fields. An exceedingly pretty place for its size, that parsonage—it was never styled anything else—but very small. A good thing that the parsons inhabiting it had none of them owned large families, or they would have been at a fault for room.

The present incumbent was the Rev. John Freeman. Incumbent of the parsonage house, you understand: not of the living. The living was in the gift of a neighboring cathedral; it was held by one of the chapter; and he delegated his charge (beyond an occasional sermon) to a curate. It had been so in the old time when Squire Trevlyn flourished, and it was so still. Whispers were abroad that when the death of this canon should take place—a very old man, both as to his years, and to his occupancy of his prebendal stall—changes would be made, and the next incumbent of the living would have to live on the living. But this has nothing to do with us, and I don't know why I mentioned it.

Mr. Freeman had been curate of the place for more than twenty years. He succeeded the Rev. Shafto Dean, of whom you have heard. Mr. Dean had remained at Barbrook but a very short time after his sister's marriage to Joe Trevlyn. That event had not tended to allay the irritation existing between Trevlyn Hold and the parsonage, and on some promotion being offered to Mr. Dean, he embraced it. The promotion given him was in the West Indies; he would not have chosen to undertake a residence there under happier auspices; but he felt sick of the continual contention with Squire Trevlyn. Mr. Dean went out to the West Indies, and died; carried off by fever within six months of his arrival. Mr. Freeman had succeeded him at Barbrook, and Mr. Freeman was there still; a married man, without children.

The parsonage household was very modest. One servant only was kept; and if you have the pleasure of forcing both ends to meet yearly upon the moderate sum of one hundred pounds sterling, you will wonder how even that servant could be retained. But a clergyman has advantages in some points over the rest of the world, at least this one has, his house being held rent free, and his garden supplying more vegetables and fruit than they could consume. Some of the choicer fruit, indeed, he sold; I hope you won't think any the worse of him for doing so. His superfluous vegetables he gave away; and many and many a cabbage leaf full of gooseberries and currants did the little parish children look out for, and get. He was a quiet, pleasant little man of fifty, with a fair face and fat double chin; never an ill word had he had with anybody in the parish since he came into it. His wife was pleasant, too, and talkative; and would as soon be caught by visitors making puddings in the kitchen, or shelling the peas for dinner, as sitting up in state, looking out for company.

At the back of the parsonage house, detached from it, was a flagged room called the brewhouse, where washing, brewing, purifying of bedsteads and other abnormal duties out of the regular routine of things, was performed. A furnace was in one corner, a large board which would put up or let down at will, was underneath the casement, and the floor was flagged. On the morning of the day when Mr. Cris Chattaway contrived to separate his dog-cart from its shafts, or to let his new horse do it for him, of which you will hear further presently, this brewhouse was so filled with steam, that it could not be seen across. A tall, strong, rosy-faced woman, looking about thirty years of age, was standing over a washing-tub, rubbing away; and in the furnace, bubbling and boiling, the white linen heaved up and down like the waves of the sea in a ground swell. Altogether, an immense mass of steam congregated, and made itself at home.

You have seen the woman before, though the chances are that you have forgotten all about her. It is Molly, who once lived at Trevlyn Farm. Some five years ago she came to an issue with the ruling potentates at the farm, Mrs. Ryle and Nora, and the result was a parting. Since then Molly had been living at the parsonage, and had grown to be valued by her master and mistress. She looks taller than ever, but you see she has pattens on, to keep her feet off the wet stone of the brewhouse. Indeed, it was much the fashion in that neighborhood for the servant maids to go about in pattens, let the flags be wet or dry.

Molly was rubbing vigorously at her master's surplice—which shared the benefits of the wash with more ignoble things, when the striking out of the church clock caused her to pause, and glance up through the open casement window. She was waiting to count the strokes.

SKETCHES OF POLISH HISTORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY G. D. B.

IV.

The death of Sobieski caused but little grief in Poland, and in the fierce contentions concerning his successor the diet forgot to pay proper respect to the memory of the deceased. The Prince of Conti was the prominent candidate, but his hopes of election were interfered with by the Elector of Saxony, whose wealth, youth, and power made him a formidable rival. The diet being unable to come to a choice, separated in confusion; one faction declaring Augustus King, while the other proclaimed the Prince of Conti. But Augustus brought ten thousand Saxon troops to enforce the validity of his election, the Prince fled in despair; and the Saxon was crowned at Cracow, in 1697, with due solemnity by an archbishop created for that purpose. In order to allay the jealousy of his new subjects, he employed his Saxon troops in a Turkish war, which was terminated without any brilliant achievements on either side. The King now turned his eyes towards Livonia, and longed to regain that province from Sweden. Trusting to the tender age of Charles XII., the assistance of Peter the Great, and the strong arms of his Saxon troops, he marched into Livonia anticipating an easy conquest. But the King of Sweden was possessed of genius and energy, although but a boy in years, and on the banks of the Dwina, he overwhelmed the Saxon invaders; and Europe heard with astonishment, that the victorious Swede was in full march to Warsaw. Charles conciliated the Polish nation, by declaring himself hostile only to Augustus. The army of the Saxon was larger than that of the Swede, but his troops were far from enthusiastic, and the loss of another great battle obliged him to fly to Saxony. He carried with him two of the sons of Sobieski, thinking to remove effectually the most prominent aspirants to the throne.

Charles wished to make the third son of Sobieski king; but he prudently declined the dangerous honor, which was then accepted by Stanislas Leszczynski, who was a young Pole of fine person and illustrious family, and was apparently admirably calculated to conciliate all classes. The scruples of the diet being with some difficulty overcome, Stanislas seated himself on the throne. *This so infuriated Augustus*, that he invaded Poland with a Saxon army, and took possession of the capital city. But Charles XII. soon took the field against him, and on the confines of Silesia the opposing forces fought stubbornly for a whole day, at the close of which the Saxons retreated under cover of the darkness. In this well-contested engagement the Saxon general, Schullemberg, exhibited great military talents, and the dense squares in which he arrayed his troops, defied the charges of the Swedish cavalry. Augustus, who had fought with great bravery, and had received five wounds during the day, finding himself no match for the Swedish monarch, consented to a treaty by which he relinquished his claims to the Polish crown, and acknowledge the legality of Stanislas' election.

But when victory ceased to sit upon the banner of the royal Swede, the reign of Stanislas hastened to its termination. After "dread Pultowa's day," when a Russian general checked Charles's career of conquest, his Polish protegee was left undefended and powerless. Russia and Saxony poured their legions upon him and demanded his resignation. Despairing of the support of his subjects Stanislas retired to a German province, and Augustus once more ascended the throne. Bloodshed and anarchy were the consequences of his restoration, and alarmed by the daily conflicts between his subjects and his Saxon troops, he appealed to Russia for assistance. But before the latter could reply the Polish chiefs compromised with the King, who consented to remove the Saxons from the kingdom and to intrust its defence to the national militia, who were undisciplined and few in number. From this time until the death of Charles XII., continual leagues, jealousies, and conspiracies agitated central Europe, in all of which the King of Poland was more or less involved. A dispute relative to the Duchy of Courland brings to our notice Count Maurice of Saxony, a son of Augustus, who afterwards became famous as Marshal Saxe. On the 31st of January, 1733, Augustus died, after a reign of thirty-six years, which was fatal to Poland and injurious to Saxony.

Stanislas was now summoned from France to fill the vacant throne. He obeyed the summons with reluctance; for royalty without prerogative, and the charge of a beleaguered kingdom without the means whereby to defend it, presented few attractions to the exiled Pole, who delighted more in philosophy than in politics, and in learned discussions rather than in carnal combats. Russian and Austrian armies soon invaded his territory, and forced him to shut himself up in Dantzig, where for five months he sustained a siege; then, despairing of assistance from his son-in-law, Louis XV., he secretly left the town, and after many romantic and perilous adventures, arrived at Paris. Augustus III., the son of the former King was placed on the throne by the invaders, and was crowned at Warsaw with the usual pomp. By the intercession of Louis XV., Stanislas obtained the duchies of Lorraine and Bar for life, as well as the possession of the title of King of Poland, and his hereditary estates. He resided in contentment in his new realm until his death, which took place in 1766. He was a gentleman of cultivated mind, of a most generous disposition, and was, as his epitaph truly says, "a King born to benefit his subjects."

Peace now existed in Poland, but it was a peace of stagnation. The new monarch was entirely careless of the affairs of state, and intrusted them with perfect confidence to his minister, Count Brulh, who was a hypocrite, a flatterer, and an oppressor. He interfered with the proceeding of the diet, fostered the jealousies of the nobles, neglected the administration of justice, disarmed the national militia; and suffered the government to remain unrepresented at foreign courts. The most powerful and ambitious of the nobility took advantage of this confusion to advance their own interests, and continual conspiracies threatened the overthrow of the central government. France and Russia diligently encouraged these dissensions; the fickle monarch, and the incompetent or knavish minister falling an easy prey to their wiles. The appearance of Frederick the Great on the stage gave a new turn to the drama, and one hundred thousand Russian and Polish troops advanced to crush the aspiring Prussian. Notwithstanding their defeat at Zorndorf, the allied troops succeeded in recovering Saxony, and in reducing Frederick to reasonable terms. But Peter III. of Russia, who soon after succeeded Elizabeth, was well disposed towards the Prussian hero, and proffered a lasting peace to him, which was readily accepted. By this treaty it was settled that Augustus's successor should be a Pole. It may here be remarked that so dead was the power and spirit of the diet, that that body, which once proudly claimed the title of the Maker of Kings, now humbly acceded to the wishes of the neighboring potentates, and received with patience such monarchs as were bestowed upon them. From the time that Russian discipline came in contact with Polish disorganization, the downfall of the latter commenced. The elective franchise which the nobility had obtained with so much difficulty from the Jagellons proved to be a worthless acquisition; for foreign troops so often controlled the elections that there can be found but two instances of a perfectly free choice.

The death of Augustus in 1763 terminated a reign characterized by sloth, and culpable negligence. Prominent among the candidates for his throne stood Stanislas Augustus Poniatowski. He was the son of a Polish count, and to a fine person added all the accomplishments which a good education and intercourse with the most refined courtiers of France and Poland could bestow. But whilst he fascinated the Parisian ladies and excited the envy of his associates by his wit and beauty, a close observer could have penetrated this fair mask, and have discovered the vacant mind which it concealed. A superior intellect would soon have learned to despise his ignorance and frivolity; but the vulgar crowd were easily drawn away by his liberality and dashing exterior. These charms were not, however, unproductive to the young count, for they won him the love of one in whose hands rested the fate of Poland. After having astonished all Paris, Poniatowski accompanied as private secretary the Polish ambassador to Moscow. Here he was thrown into the society of the Empress Catherine, on whose heart he made instantly an impression, and when he returned to Poland it was as her nominee to the throne. Impatient of delay, he made an attempt to deprive Augustus of his kingdom before his death, but his plans *failing*, he was obliged to await in patience that event. Then, Catherine having secured the neutrality of the great powers exerted all her energies to secure the election of her favorite. Deaf to all the remonstrances of the Poles, who were disgusted at the idea of having such an effeminate creature as Poniatowski for their king, she kept sixty thousand troops on the frontier ready to enforce her commands.

In May, 1764, the diet assembled at Warsaw, which was filled with Russian soldiers. The Marshal Malachowski refused to open the assemblage, and the eloquent Mokranowski boldly inveighed against the tyranny of Catherine, and pointed out the illegality of the proceedings. The venerable marshal retired, and the diet was virtually dissolved. The patriots formed confederations, and under the command of Prince Radzivil prepared to defend their rights. But their efforts were of little avail against treason and force; their armies were dispersed, and Radzivil was driven to Turkey for refuge. All hope had left them, and they witnessed in silent grief the consummation of Catherine's designs. In the plain of Volo on September 7, 1764, Poniatowski was declared King of Poland and Grand Duke of Lithuania. This was the beginning of Poland's end.

The fickle populace shouted as Stanislas Augustus rode through the streets of Warsaw on the day of his coronation, and the new monarch "won golden opinions" by his affability and lenity. The King of Prussia addressed to him a congratulatory letter, which contained sentiments, however, which Stanislas was incapable of appreciating.—But the nation soon found that it was ruled but by a Russian viceroy; and the nobility chafed at the presence of large bodies of Catherine's troops. But more serious disorders arose on the subject of religion.

As Poland was made up of several states, originally distinct, the religious tenets of its different localities would probably be greatly variant; and thus we find all shades of opinion represented among its people. At first, there was perfect harmony between the sects, and toleration placed Poland far in advance of the rest of Europe. But in process of time the clergy of the established religion influenced the diet to the passage of a bill excluding the *Dissidents* from the offices of state. This unjust measure was the cause of much complaint, and was destructive of the best interests of the nation. When Stanislas Augustus ascended the throne the excluded sects applied to Catherine to restore to them their privileges. She immediately through her minister conveyed her request to that effect to the diet; and the ministers of England, Denmark, and Saxony added their influence in behalf of the supplicants. Stanislas wavered between his desire to conciliate Catherine and his opposition to toleration, and thus rendered himself obnoxious to both parties. Not a few patriots opposed this innovation, not on account of their bigotry, but on account of the threatening manner in which it was pressed by foreign courts. In the diet of 1763 the question was thoroughly discussed. After several days of exciting debate the former laws were reaffirmed, and the king reproached and insulted. The bishop of Kief boldly addressed the weak monarch in the following language:—"I formerly used to pray to God for your prosperity; my prayer at present is that He will send you to perdition."

The ultra course of the diet left no course to the Dissidents but to confederate for their own protection; and the insurrection; which was assisted by Catherine, who rejoiced in increasing the disasters of Poland and the troubles of its king, whom she no longer loved; spread to a formidable extent.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SYMPATHY.

Fellow-worker, toiling brother,
Come into the fields with me;
See! the sheaves support each other,
So with us it ought to be.

Lean upon me in your trouble,
And support me with your joy;
Friendship can a lifetime double,
Hatred will two lives destroy.

Oh! remember, the Eternal
Lays us in one barn together,
When, with His right hand supernal,
Sheaves of life He stoops to gather.

☞ The artilleryman's dream at Fort Warren, and that of the member of Hawkins's Zouaves, both of which set the day of peace as the 23d of April, seem to have been slightly falsified, unless peace consists in the severest kind of fighting.

☞ The Lynchburg Virginian commenting upon the statement that tenpenny nails are passing as currency at five cents each in the upper parts of North Carolina, remarks: "We have no such metallic basis for our currency here. Our circulating medium are grains of corn representing five cents and quids of tobacco co-representing the decimal."

☞ The Treasury Department has stopped printing postage currency. Hereafter, all that is taken in by the Government will be destroyed, and new sheets issued when wanted.

☞ Now is the time for the people to engage in the good work of setting out shade trees in all our cities and villages and along the country roads. There ought to be a Tree Association formed for this purpose in every town. How the land might be beautified and blessed if every man would make it a point to plant at least one tree every year.

☞ A little girl, showing her cousin, of about four years, a star, said, "That star you see up there is bigger than this world." "No it ain't," said he. "Yes, it is." "Then why don't it keep the rain off?"

☞ The Cunchos are said to make an exception unknown in the usages of other tribes; they never eat their female prisoners. This forbearance, however, does not arise from any chivalrous feeling, but from a confirmed belief that women are impure beings, and were created for the torment of man, and that their flesh is to be eschewed as in the highest degree poisonous! Wretches!

☞ The "No Cards" mania is extending. We notice that the Canada papers attach "No cards issued" to their funeral notices.

☞ HOW ARE THE MIGHTY FALLEN.—Cotton, but recently vaunted by the South as the king of commerce, is now called by the Macon (Ga.) Telegraph, an "idle product."

☞ The Government engineer who inspected the Monitors reported on the day after the battle in Charleston harbor, that they were fit for immediate service.

☞ Newbern in North Carolina, to which so much interest now attaches, derives its name from the fact that its first settlers were Swiss, who called it New Berne, and that the name was long spelt with a final e.

☞ Don't put your watch under your pillow—a man should never "sleep upon his watch."

THE GOOD-NATURED MAN

WITH ONE EYE.

About half-way between two small towns whose names are unimportant, there is or was a wayside inn, called the Traveller's Delight. Its name was probably a mistake, or it might have been a satire, since the Traveller's Delight presented an aspect by no means delightful; indeed, a timid traveller would have been apt to turn from it with a shudder, as intolerably desolate and gloomy and prefer pressing on at all risks, to making trial of it.

One evening, however, at dusk, a horse laboring under the weight of two persons, a man-servant and a lady on a pillion—you must remember that it is a long time since this happened—stopped before the door of the Traveller's Delight.

"We must be wrong, I know," said the servant. "I don't remember any inn on the road." Whereupon he proceeded to make some inquiries of a surly-looking host, and then turned to the lady. "We have missed the turning, and are some miles from the right way. What is to be done?"

The lady—we will call her Mrs. Benson—looked at the darkening night, and shivered as a blast of wind went howling by.

"Is there accommodation for us here?—But I think we had better go on."

The servant, however, was not inclined to go on. There was plenty of accommodation for his mistress, he said, and the horse was dead beat. As for himself, the landlord said there was an outhouse he could sleep in; and he was sure his master would not like Mrs. Benson to peril her health and safety by going on in the cold, dark night.

The lady suffered herself to be persuaded, and entered the house. A woman with an unpleasant face came to meet her. When Mrs. Benson saw this woman, she looked again at the dark road hesitatingly, but the horse had been taken to the stable, and the servant was not to be seen.

"Can I have a private room?" inquired the lady.

"A bed-room, of course. But there's no sitting-room, except the house-place. You'll find it warm and comfortable, and can have the best seat."

By this time the outer door was shut and fastened, and Mrs. Benson taking courage in the thought that at least her servant was somewhere within call, made a virtue of necessity, and accepted the offered best seat with seeming satisfaction.

Supper was placed before her, which the landlord and his wife shared, at her request.

During the meal, there was a violent knocking at the outer door, and when it was opened, there entered a tall-broad-shouldered man, with one eye, and a shock head of hair.

"Can I have a bed?" was the query.

"Well, I suppose you can, if the missis and me gives up our room. It won't be the first time we've had to camp in the house-place, that's one thing."

"Sorry to put you out. Thank you, I think I *will* take a mouthful."

No one had invited the new-comer to take a mouthful, and as he helped himself his one eye turned on the strange lady. Mrs. Benson could not help returning the look with interest, the man had such a comical face; and then his hair was the reddest she had ever seen, and the whole man seemed to be jolly with an expression of grotesque good-nature. At some surly remark of the landlord's, this queer one eye looked at the lady again quickly; its owner gave a comical sidelong nod towards the host, and then the eye twinkled, as much as to say: "He's a queer-tempered chap, you know; but don't be frightened—I'll protect you."

In fact, Mrs. Benson felt quite a sense of security in the presence of the good-natured man, and was sorry when his huge supper came to an end.

"Well, then, I'll turn in," he said, pushing his plate away, "if the master here will be good enough to show me the room, for I'm tired. Good-night, missis—servant ma'am."

Then Mrs. Benson fancied that the sour face of the hostess grew sourer still; it fairly scowled at her, but she did not feel at all inclined to go to bed. There was no alternative, however; she could not sit up all night where she was, because the master and mistress had expressed their intention of remaining there. She asked for her servant, and was told that he had retired to his outhouse for the night; there was no further pretext for lingering, so she accepted the repeated offer of the lady to show her to her room.

When she got inside that room, Mrs. Benson's first impulse was to lock the door, and as she did so, the key came out in her hand. Not satisfied with the lock, which looked crazy, she proceeded to pile every movable article of furniture against the door; that done, she turned to the fire, which was burning cheerfully. While she stood there meditating upon the insufficiency of the furniture for a barricade, the door-key, which she was twisting about in her fingers, dropped into the ashes. Mrs. Benson stooped to pick it up, and as she stooped, with her face bent in an upside-down position, a gleam of fire sent its light underneath the bed behind her. It flashed upon a shock head of the reddest hair she had ever seen. Mrs. Benson raised her head again rather quickly. The first tangible idea that presented itself in the dizziness that crept over her was to pull away the barricade, and call for help. But long before a sound could be made audible below, her fate might, and doubtless would be decided. Then she thought of professing aloud to have forgotten something which she must go to fetch, but, thinking of all the circumstances, she could not help believing the sour people down stairs to be in league with the red man, so that certain death must follow that move, even if the robber were not too wide awake to permit the ruse. She had heard of its being done, and so no doubt had he, and he would understand it. Besides all this, she had not found the key, and somehow she shrank from bending down again to search for it. Who knew what she might encounter the next time? A knife, perhaps, or a pistol, or that one gleaming eye; and some startled motion might cause the robber to suspect her knowledge of his presence. No, she could not look for the key.

A little while longer Mrs. Benson stood warming her hands at the fire, then she turned round to examine the position of the bed, and yawned aloud. She saw that the bed had been drawn down so as to leave a small space between its low head and the wall, and it occurred to her that this arrangement had been made by the robber, who would doubtless prefer to emerge behind, where there would be least chance of the victim catching sight of him, and so unnecessary noise might be avoided.

By reason of her light barricade on one side, and the wall on the other, she would have to creep in at the foot of the bed. After thinking over her position as calmly as was possible under the circumstances, she took a strong thick woolen scarf of unusual length, which had been wrapped over her chest for the journey, and tied behind; and putting out the candle, she got into bed, yawning again audibly. The fire burned low in the grate, and the room grew nearly dark. If any one could have looked into it, they would have seen on the bed a crouching figure, holding in its two hands the two ends of a scarf—one of these ends being slipped through a long loose knot on the other, and a pair of large eager eyes straining upon that fatal space between the bed-head and the wall.

A clock struck down below. Mrs. Benson could hear the dull whirring sound of every stroke in the silent house, and an hysterical desire to scream seized her; but just then there was a slight dragging noise under the bed, and her eyes were again fixed in that strained watchfulness. The dragging came nearer the wall, slowly. The watcher had well calculated that the form of her terrible visitor must push itself up head first, shoulders flat against the wall, and the arms comparatively pinioned. The hideous chance was that it might come up on one side or the other of the big noose waiting for it. More dragging, then a shock head above the pillow, a stifled, gurgling cry, and the two hands of the watcher were tugging with all their might at the two ends of the woolen scarf.

Chancing to pass by the strange lady's door in the morning, the sour landlady was startled by the sound of a voice uttering strange sounds, a medley of talking, screaming, and chuckling. She called her husband first, then the lady's servant; and after some altercation, the latter insisted on breaking open the door. A clatter of falling furniture followed; and edging themselves in with some difficulty, they found the lady still in her crouching posture, and still clutching with both hands the ends of the scarf about that ghastly, staring head. At the sight of those three horrified faces, she burst into a fit of hysterical crying, which (said my reciter) probably saved her reason.

The suspicion which Mrs. Benson had conceived, that her hosts were in league with the robber (as the shock-headed traveller turned out to be), was easily dissipated; and the real kindness under the landlady's sour face was proved by her unsparing attention to the comfort of her guest until the latter was able for the journey home.

☞ A new May-day custom, not mentioned in our article on this subject, is inaugurated this year—we allude to the duty of returning your income for the assessment of the income tax! This custom is not generally regarded as a particularly "gay and festive" affair.

☞ The Richmond Enquirer says:—"Our tables, our clothes, our very liberties, must be put on a war footing in all things." Another turn of the screw upon the South.

☞ There is a brigade of mounted infantry in Rosecrans's army which is armed with a novel weapon. Instead of the sabre they carry a hatchet, and are so well drilled that they can throw it a distance of fifty yards and not miss the mark.

☞ ONE OF THE FATHERS.—There is now in Cincinnati a German aged seventy-one years, who is the father of twenty children, the youngest being but six months old. He has now seven sons in the Federal army.

☞ A poor widow's little boy wanted a slate at school, but she could not afford to buy him one. The next day, seeing one in his hands she inquired, in some surprise:—"Why, Tommy, dear, where did you get that slate?" "I heard you say when papa died," he replied, "that now he has gone we must look above when we wanted anything, so I went up and got this slate off the roof. I wish I had a frame for it."

LATEST NEWS.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC IN MOTION.

WASHINGTON, May 9, 12 P. M.—On Friday morning last General Hooker recrossed the Rappahannock with two *corps d'armee*, and, after reconnoitering the old position held by him at Chancellorsville, found that the enemy had fallen back, leaving hundreds of his wounded behind and his dead unburied.

During the day the entire army of the Potomac crossed the river with sixteen days' rations, and, moving forward, deployed right and left in search of the enemy, who was not to be found in force up to eight o'clock this morning.

A large number of stragglers have come into our outpost lines and given themselves up, expressing their disgust with the rule of the rebel leaders.

These men confirm the published accounts of the consternation created in Richmond by Gen. Stoneman's raid.

The report that Richmond has been captured by Gen. Keyes is not credited by the War Department.

Reinforcements are arriving here rapidly. It is thought these troops will be sent to Gen. Hooker.

A movement is on foot for another column, but particulars are withheld for the present.

An inspection of the ground upon which the late battle was fought shows the desperation of the rebels and their immense loss. Large numbers of their dead and wounded are upon the field. In the Wilderness, where the fire took place from the shells from our batteries, a very large number of charred remains have been found.

Capture of Port Gibson.

WASHINGTON, May 9.—The following has been received at headquarters:—

GRAND GULF, May 3.—To Maj. Gen. H. W. Halleck, General-in-Chief:—We landed at Bordinsburg, April 30th, moved immediately on Port Gibson. We met the enemy, 11,000 strong, 9 miles south of Port Gibson, at 9 A. M. on the 1st, and engaged him all day, entirely routing him, with the loss of many killed and about 500 prisoners, besides the wounded. Our loss is about 100 killed and 500 wounded.

The enemy retreated towards Vicksburg, destroying the bridges over the two forks of the Bayou Pierre. These were rebuilt, and the pursuit continued until the present time. Besides the heavy artillery at this place, four field pieces were captured and some stores, and the enemy were driven to destroy many more.

The country is the most broken and difficult to operate in I ever saw.

Our victory has been most complete, and the enemy thoroughly demoralized.

Very respectfully, U. S. GRANT,
Major-General Commanding.

Col. Grierson, with his cavalry force, is engaged in an extensive raid on the enemy's communications in Mississippi. At the last accounts he had cut the New Orleans and Jackson Railroad in ten or twelve places, and was making the best of his way to Baton Rouge.

Gen. Grant has sent 1,900 prisoners to Milliken's Bend, and is reported to be within twenty miles of Jackson himself.

☞ An army chaplain, speaking of the bravery of some of our troops, relates an incident that he saw happen on the battle-field: A Union soldier was fighting bravely after most of his companions had been shot down. The chaplain watched him. He saw a cannon ball strike the soldier's left arm and sever it between the shoulder and the elbow. The concussion turned the soldier completely round, his arm falling at the distance of ten feet or more from where he stood. The chaplain still watched him, unconsciously to the soldier, who did not know that he was regarded at that moment by any other than the All-Seeing Eye.—The soldier looked at his left side and beheld his bleeding stump; then, turning around, he commenced searching for his dissevered arm. He picked it up, and held it for a moment in its place; he then held it aloft in his right hand, and exultantly exclaiming, "*This is my sacrifice for the Union!*" he hurled it, with all his might, at the retreating foe.

☞ A university doctor desiring to see a bird-catcher exercise his employment, accompanied him to the field. As soon as he saw the birds, he hallooed in Latin, "There they are!" The birds took the alarm. The sportsman, indignant at the absurdity of the professor, told him of it in very plain terms. "My good friend," exclaimed the doctor, in great astonishment, "who would have imagined that those ignorant birds would have understood Latin?"

☞ We are in possession of an infallible recipe for making a lady's cheeks red without paint. For their especial benefit we publish it without charge. Here it is:—Place her at a wash-tub, with her sleeves rolled up, and hands full of dirty clothes. Then let her beau suddenly enter, and her cheeks will be a glowing red in an instant. Snooks says this recipe has never been known to fail. Just try it, ladies, and if it fails, let us know, that we may publish Snooks as unreliable authority.

☞ The Richmond Whig sarcastically says that Bragg has been "installing Governors with great pomp." That is right. *Bragg* and *pomp* are two dogs that should go together.—*Nashville Union.*

☞ A few days since a town crier took in charge a lost child, and proceeded to hunt up his parents. On being asked by a lady what the matter was, he replied, "Here's an orphan child, ma'am, and I'm trying to find its parents."

☞ QUESTION FOR THE DEBATING SOCIETIES.—In sickness, which suffers the most—a short man or a long one? In other words, isn't there more pang in six feet of pain than in five feet four?

☞ In North Carolina tenpenny nails are passing current at five cents each.

"Twelve o'clock, as I'm alive! I knew it must have gone eleven, though I hadn't heard it strike; but I never thought it was twelve yet! And nothing out but them handful o' colored things and the flannels! If missis was at home, she'd say I'd been wasting all my morning, gossiping."

An accusation which Mrs. Freeman might have made with great truth. There was not a more inveterate gossip than Molly in the parish; and the waste of time her propensity caused, had lost her her last place.

She turned to the furnace, seized hold of the rolling-pin which lay on its edge, and poked down the rising clothes with a fierceness which seemed as if it wished to make up for the lost hours. Then she dashed open the little iron door underneath, threw on a shovel of coal to the fire, and shut it again.

"This surplice is wearing as thin as anything in front," soliloquised she, recommencing her work vehemently over the tub. "I'd better not rub it too much. But it's just in the very place where master gets 'em most dirty. If I were missis, I should line 'em in front. His other one's going worse than this. They must cost a smart penny, these surplices; the linen is— Now who's that?"

Molly's interjection was caused by a flourishing knock at the front door. It did not please her. She was too busy to answer useless visitors; useless because her master and mistress were out.

"I won't go to the door," decided she, in her vexation. "Let 'em knock again, or go away."

The applicant preferred the former course, for a second knock, louder than the first, sent its echoes through the house. Molly jerked her wet arms out of the water, gave them a dab upon the towel lying handy, just to keep the soap-suds from dropping on the floor, and then went on her way, grumbling.

"It's that bothering Mother Hurnall, I know! And ten to one but she'll walk in, under pretence of resting, and poke her nose into my brewhouse, and see how my work's getting on. She's a interfering, mischief-making old toad, and if she *does* come in, I'll—"

Molly had drawn the door open, and her words came to an abrupt conclusion. Instead of the meddlesome lady she had expected to see, there stood a gentleman, a tall, oldish man, with a white beard and white whiskers, jet-black eyes, a kindly but firm expression on his sallow face, a carpet-bag in his hand, and a large, red umbrella in the other.

Molly dropped a curtsey, but a dubious one. Beards were not much in fashion in that simple country place, and her opinion vacillated. Was the gentleman before her some venerable much-to-be-respected patriarch, or one of those conjurors that went about to fairs *to be seen for money*? Molly had had the pleasure of seeing the one perform who came to the last fair, and he wore a white beard.

"I have been directed to this house as being the residence of the Rev. Mr. Freeman," began the stranger. "Is he at home?"

"No, sir, he's not," replied Molly, dropping another and a more self-assured curtsey. There was something about the stranger's voice, his straightforward glance, which insensibly calmed her fears.

"My master and mistress are both gone out for the day, and won't be home till night."

This appeared to be a poser to the stranger. He looked at Molly, and Molly looked at him.

"It is very unfortunate," he at length said. "I came—I have come a great many hundred miles, and I have reckoned very much upon seeing my old friend Freeman. I shall be going away again from England in a few days."

Molly had opened her eyes.

"Come a great many hundred miles, all to see master!" she exclaimed.

"Not to see him," answered the stranger, with a half-smile at Molly's simplicity—not that he looked like a smiling man in general, but a very sad one. "I had to come to England on business, and I travelled a long way to get here, and shall have to travel the same long way back again. I have come down from London on purpose to see Mr. Freeman. It is many years since we met, and I thought, if quite agreeable, I'd sleep a couple of nights here. Did you ever happen to hear him mention an old friend of his, named Daw?"

The name struck on Molly's memory: it was a somewhat peculiar one.

"Well, yes, I have, sir," she answered. "I have heard him speak of a Mr. Daw to my mistress. I think—I think," she added, putting her soapy fingers to her temple in consideration, "that he lived somewhere over in France, that Mr. Daw. I think he was a clergyman. My master lighted upon a lady's death a short time ago in the paper, while I was in the parlor helping my missis lay some bed furniture, and he exclaimed on and said it must be Mr. Daw's wife."

"Right—right to all," said the gentleman. "I am Mr. Daw."

He took a small card-case from his pocket, and held out one of its cards to Molly; deeming it well, no doubt, that the woman should be convinced he was really the person he professed to be. "I can see but one thing to do," he said. "You must give me house-room until Mr. Freeman comes home this evening."

"You are welcome, sir. But—my goodness! there's nothing in the house for dinner, and I'm in the midst of a big wash."

He shook his head as he walked into the parlor—a sunny apartment, redolent of the scent of mignonette, boxes of which grew outside the windows.

"I don't care at all for dinner," he carelessly observed. "A crust off a loaf and a bit of fresh butter, with a cup of milk, if you happen to have it, will be better to me than dinner."

Molly left him, to see about what she could do in the way of entertainment, and to take counsel with herself.

"If it doesn't happen so on purpose!" she ejaculated. "Anything that upsets the order of the house is sure to come on a washing day! Well, there! it's of no good worrying. The wash must go, that's all.—If I can't finish it to-day, I must finish it to-morrow. Bother! There'll be the trouble and expense of lighting the furnace over again! I think he's what he says he is: I've heard them red umbrellas is used in France."

She carried in the tray of refreshment—bread, butter, cheese, milk, and honey. She had pulled down the sleeves of her gown, and straightened her hair, and put on a clean check apron, and taken off her pattens. Mr. Daw detained her while he served himself, asking divers questions; and Molly, nothing loth, ever ready for a gossip, remembered not her exacting brewhouse of work.

"There is a place called Trevlyn Hold in this neighborhood, is there not?"

"Right over there, sir," replied Molly, extending her hand in a slanting direction from the window. "You might see its chimblies but for them trees."

"I suppose the young master of Trevlyn has grown up a fine man?"

Molly turned up her nose. She never supposed but the question alluded to Cris, and Cris was no favorite of hers. She caught up the prejudice, possibly, during her service at Trevlyn Farm.

"*I* don't call him so," said she, shortly. "A weazoned-faced fellow, with a odd look in his eyes as good as a squint! He's not much liked about here, sir."

"Indeed! That's a pity. Is he married? I suppose not, though, yet. He is young."

"There's many a one gets married younger than he is. But I don't know who'd have him," added Molly, in her prejudice. "*I* wouldn't, if I was a young lady."

"Who has acted as his guardian?" resumed Mr. Daw.

Molly scarcely understood the question.

"A guardian, sir? That's somebody that takes care of a child's money, who has got no parents, isn't it? *He* has got no guardian that I ever heard of, except it's *his father*."

Mr. Daw laid down his knife.

"The young master of Trevlyn has no father," he exclaimed.

"But indeed he has," returned Molly.—"What should hinder his having one?"

"My good woman, you cannot know what I am talking of. His father died years and years ago. I was at his funeral."

Molly opened her mouth in very astonishment.

"He is alive now, sir, at any rate," cried she, after a pause. "I saw him ride by this house only yesterday."

They could but stare at each other, as people at cross purposes frequently do.

"Of whom are you speaking?" asked Mr. Daw, at length.

"Of Cris Chattaway, sir. You asked me about the young master of Trevlyn Hold. Cris will be its master after his father. Old Chattaway's its master now."

"Chattaway? Chattaway?" repeated the stranger to himself, as if recalling the name. "I remember. It was he who— Is Rupert Trevlyn dead?" he hastily asked.

"Oh, no, sir."

"Why, then, is he not the master of Trevlyn Hold?"

"Well, I don't know," replied Molly, after some consideration. "I suppose because Chattaway is."

"But surely Rupert Trevlyn inherited it on the death of his grandfather, Squire Trevlyn?"

"No, he didn't inherit it, sir. It was Chattaway."

So interested in the argument had the visitor become, that he pushed his plate from him, and was looking at Molly with astonished eyes, and his elbows on the table.

"Why did he not inherit it? He was the heir."

"It's what folks can't rightly make out," answered the woman. "Chattaway came in for it, that's certain. But folks have never called him the Squire, though he's as sick as a dog for it."

"Who is Mr. Chattaway? What is his connection with the Trevlyns? I forget."

"His wife was Miss Edith Trevlyn, the Squire's daughter. There was but three of 'em—Mrs. Ryle, and her, and Miss Diana. Miss Diana was never married, and I suppose won't be now."

"Miss Diana?—Miss Diana? Yes, yes, I recollect," repeated the stranger. "It was Miss Diana whom Mrs. Trevlyn— Does Rupert Trevlyn live with Miss Diana?" he broke off again.

"Yes, sir; they all live at the Hold. The Chattaways, and Miss Diana, and young Mr. Rupert. Miss Diana has been out on a visit these two or three weeks past, but I heard this morning that she had come home."

"There was a pretty little girl—Maude—a year older than her brother," proceeded the questioner. "Where is she?"

"She's at the Hold, too, sir. They were brought to the Hold quite little babies, those two, and they have lived at it ever since, except when they've been at school. Miss Maude's governess to Chattaway's children."

Mr. Daw looked at Molly doubtingly.

"Governess to Chattaway's children?" he mechanically repeated.

Molly nodded. She was growing quite at home with her guest; quite familiar.

"Miss Maude has had the best of edications, they say: plays and sings first rate; and so they made her the governess."

"But has she no fortune—no income?" he reiterated, lost in wonder.

"Not a penny piece," returned Molly, decisively. "Her and Mr. Rupert haven't got a half penny between 'em of their own.—He's clerk, or something of that, at Chattaway's coal mine, down yonder."

"But they were the heirs to the estate," he persisted. "Their father was the son and heir of Squire Trevlyn, and they are his children! How is it? How can it be?"

The words were spoken in the light of a remark. Mr. Daw was evidently debating the wonder with himself. Molly thought the question was put to her.

"I don't know the rights of it, sir," was all she could answer. "All I can tell you is, that the Chattaways have come in for it, and the inheritance is theirs. But there's many a one round about here calls Mr. Rupert the heir to this day, and will call him so, in spite of Chattaway."

"He is the heir—he is the heir!" reiterated Mr. Daw. "I can prove—"

Again came that break in his discourse which had occurred before.

Molly resumed—

"Master will be able to tell you better than me, sir, why the property should have went from Master Rupert to Chattaway.—It was him that buried the old Squire, sir, and he was at the Hold after, and heard the Squire's will read. Nora told me once that he, the parson, cried shame upon it, when he come away. But she was in a passion with Chattaway when she said it, so perhaps it wasn't true. I asked my missis about it one day that we was folding clothes together, but she said she knew nothing of it. She wasn't married then."

"Who is Nora?" inquired Mr. Daw.

"She's the housekeeper and manager at Trevlyn Farm; she's a sort of relation to 'em. It was where I lived before I come here, sir; four year, turned, I was at that one place. I have always been one to keep my places a good while," added Molly, with pride.

Apparently the boast was lost upon him; he did not seem to hear it.

"Not the heir to Trevlyn!" he muttered; "not the heir to Trevlyn! It's a puzzle to me."

"I'm sorry master's out," repeated Molly, with sympathy. "But you can hear all about it to-night. They'll be home by seven o'clock. Twice a year, or thereabouts, they both go over to stop a day with missis's sister. Large millers they be, fourteen mile off, and live in a great big handsome house, and keep three or four in-door servants. The name's Whittaker, sir."

Mr. Daw did not show himself very much interested in the name, or in the worthy millers themselves. He was lost in a reverie. Molly made a movement amidst the plates and the cheese and butter; she insinuated the glass of milk under his very nose. All in vain.

"Not the heir!" he reiterated again; "not the heir! And I have been picturing *him* in my mind as such all through these long years!" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ Doctor's Motto—"Patients and long suffering."

☞ THE LADIES WON'T BELIEVE IT.—The New Albany Ledger says that Mrs. Magee of Rowena, Wells county, Indiana, has presented her spouse during the last three years and a half with no less than twelve children, all of whom are alive.

☞ The new King of Madagascar, Radama II., is going in for the diffusion of education and all modern improvements among his savage subjects.

☞ A young fellow of our acquaintance whose better half had just presented him with a pair of bouncing twins, attended Rev. Mr. ——'s church on last Sunday evening. During the discourse the clergyman looked right at our innocent friend and said, in a tone of thrilling eloquence:—"Young man, you have an important responsibility thrust upon you!" The new fledged "dad," supposing that the preacher alluded to his peculiar home event, considerably startled the audience by replying—"Yes, I have two of them."

☞ The labor of the body relieves us from the fatigue of mind—and this it is that forms the happiness of the poor.

☞ A COUPLET.—The following was found written in the visitor's book at Niagara:—

"Next to the joy of seeing Sarah,
Is that of seeing Ni-a-ga-rah."

☞ The Vermonters are disappointed in their maple sugar crop; it is unusually light this year.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1863.

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TO SUBSCRIBERS IN ARREARS.

While we are in the custom of stopping the papers of all Club subscribers to THE POST at the expiration of the term for which they have paid, we have not been in the habit of doing so with all our two-dollar subscribers, especially those who have been on our books for a number of years.

We would beg these latter, however, to remember that the price of paper being so high, is an additional reason why they should forward their yearly subscriptions promptly. As yet we have made no advance in the price to single subscribers, though the cost of paper is double what it was, and far in excess of the advance in prices we have already made.

We trust therefore that all our subscribers who are in arrears will forward their subscriptions at once, and if they procure for us an additional subscriber or two, we shall esteem it as a favor.

THE WAR.

That the muscle of the Northern people has hardened considerably during the last two years, would seem to be proved beyond contradiction by the manner in which the recent news of the recrossing of the Rappahannock was received. At first, while every one's imagination was tempted to indulge in the most gloomy visions of failure and defeat, there was a slight yielding around the lips and eyes of almost all you met. But with a night's sleep, the spirit of the people rose to the new exigency, and the next day it was evident on the faces of all men that if the army of the Potomac was, as some had made bold to declare, "again beaten," the nation did not know it.

On Thursday we got the news, on that same day nearly half-a-million of dollars was subscribed at the Agency in this city to the national loan, and on Friday one million of dollars! Gold on Thursday went up from 53 to 57—on Friday it fell to 52 again.

Was Hooker defeated? Judging from the best accounts that we have at present, he was in one sense, he was not in another. He was defeated in his aim, but the army was not defeated. The most that can be said of it is that it was repulsed.

As is natural, the movement across the Rappahannock, and the generalship shown by Hooker, have been largely discussed. For ourselves, we are not the especial champions of Hooker, or any other man. We are in favor of retaining Hooker as general of the army of the Potomac, just so long as the best interests of the country are subserved by so doing. Whenever the progress of the war shall develope a general of superior military ability to Gen. Hooker, who is not needed in the West, we shall be in favor of placing him in Hooker's saddle.

As to the recent contest, it has not diminished our opinion of Gen. Hooker's military capacity. His plan was, in the first place, to force the enemy to leave his strong position at Fredericksburg, and give him a fight on a fair field, and this he succeeded in doing. The delay that ensued from the marching and remarching of two corps were necessary in order to deceive the rebels as to his true place of crossing. The separation of Sedgwick's corps from the main body of the army, was unavoidable in the very nature of the case, in order that while moving upon the communications of the enemy his own flank and communications should not be left exposed to a counter attack. Doubtless he considered the Union army sufficiently strong, even without Sedgwick's corps, to encounter and defeat the whole army of the rebels. How far the unexpected demoralization of the Eleventh corps interfered with this latter calculation, we are unable to say. The demonstration upon Fredericksburg was doubtless intended to prevent the concentration of the rebel army in an attack upon Hooker; but the game which Sedgwick was to play was a difficult one, in the very nature of the case, and the demonstration resulted in a loss instead of a gain to the main Union army.

So, as it appears to us, Hooker found the rebels in greater strength than he had anticipated, and, as the result of several engagements, found himself on the defensive instead of the offensive. He found his communications endangered by the severe blow that Sedgwick had received, and which laid the Union army open to a rebel crossing near Fredericksburg, and an attack upon the stores along the railroad to Aquia Creek.—He found, moreover, his immediate communications with the other shore of the Rappahannock menaced by the rapid rise of the waters in that river, as well as in the Rapidan, which latter stream had been waded in the advance. Therefore, as we suppose, he determined, as the part of true wisdom, to recross the river; a recrossing which he effected without loss.

The Union loss, it is stated, was about 10,000, killed, wounded and prisoners. The rebel loss was much greater, as they pursued their old policy of attacking in column. Hooker took and kept one more cannon than he lost. He also took 2,500 prisoners, while it is asserted he lost less than that number. Beyond forcing, in combination with the elements, the recrossing of the river, the rebels, therefore, have very little to boast of.

It has been objected by an able critic, Mr. Emil Schalk, to General Hooker's management, that he detached the main body of his cavalry, under Stoneman, for distant duty, when a battle was to be fought. On the other hand, it is stated that the country in which the battle took place was so wooded and rugged as to preclude the use of cavalry. Lee seems to have made very little use of his cavalry, and therefore we are disposed to doubt the force of Mr. Schalk's criticism.

And as to Stoneman, certainly no such daring raid as his has been made during the course of the war. Behind the rebel army, across two lines of railroad, up to and even inside the very fortifications of the rebel capital—causing its valiant citizens to quake for fear—destroying locomotives, supplies, railroads, telegraphs, bridges, canal locks,—it is *the* great cavalry feat of the war, and proves that our Northern horsemen are getting firmly seated in their saddles. The Union cause may now be as proud of its Stoneman as the rebels are of their Stonewall.

The moral of the recent unsuccessful attempt we take to be this, that our army, however large it may be, is not yet heavy enough for the work before it. The expediency of concentration seems not yet to have sufficiently impressed itself upon the mind of our General-in-chief. When the expeditions were first planned against the main points of the Atlantic coast, we took the liberty of remonstrating on several occasions, as our readers will remember, against a policy by which 100,000 men were scattered and rendered comparatively useless. Would it not be wise policy even now to recall the troops from Suffolk, from North Carolina, from South Carolina, and to abandon all points save those which can be held by the navy, with the aid of a few thousands of men. Hilton Head and that region, if we are correctly informed, could be held thus without much difficulty—and the massing of all our troops in Virginia would leave the rebels little time or thought for planning expeditions against it. Under the present arrangement, they having the command of the railroad and interior lines, and aided by their fortifications, probably do not employ more than 30,000 men in opposing our 100,000—a clear gain to them of 70,000 men. This, we are inclined to believe, has been from the first the fatal error in our military policy. Our leaders have sought to crush by surrounding and enfolding, when they should have sought to pierce the two hearts of the rebellion, the great Eastern, and the great Western rebel armies. These armies defeated and dispersed, and all towns and cities, such as Richmond, and Charleston, and Mobile, and even Vicksburg, must yield as a matter of course. To succeed in an Anaconda policy requires the huge bulk and frame of an Anaconda—the shorter and quicker way, that of the civilized man, is to strike with all your force directly at the heart.

MISS DICKINSON.

We went to hear this young lady at the Academy last week, and she is certainly one of the most eloquent speakers we have heard, while she is a very pleasant sight to look upon. She has a comely, intelligent face, fine eyes, a wealth of dark hair, and is altogether quite a handsome woman. Her voice is clear and musical, and her bearing, with its tendency to the dramatic, very excellent indeed. We have seen few things better in their way, than the fine womanly disdain with which she wiped her lips with her handkerchief, after soiling them with the names of certain unpatriotic gentlemen. A New Orleans paper says that "a true Union woman is like the sugar we sometimes get, a combination of sweetness and grit"—and it is evident there is plenty of both sweetness and grit in Miss Dickinson. Portions of her lecture were very severe indeed, and she used her woman's privilege of freedom of speech to its full extent. Some of her censure especially, which was poured out in an eloquent but merciless stream upon those whom she regarded as the secret enemies and betrayers of the national cause,

"Like a curse from the depths of womanhood,
Was very salt, and bitter, and good."

Even those who disapproved of certain things said by Miss Dickinson, must have admitted her powers of eloquence and sarcasm; while the discerning will scarcely hesitate to enrol her among the gifted women whom Philadelphia has given to the Union.

☞ "I can't support you any longer," as the rotten bridge said to the elephant.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HOLLY'S COUNTRY SEATS: Containing Lithographic Designs for Cottages, Villas, Mansions, &c., with their accompanying outbuildings; also Country Churches, City Buildings, Railway Stations, &c., &c. By HENRY HUDSON HOLLY, Architect. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

This handsome volume will no doubt commend itself by its useful hints and excellent plans to the lucky man who may be able to practically realize some of its suggestions to the builders of country residences; but we suspect that it will give the greatest pleasure of all to that far larger class who content themselves with looking vaguely forward to a distant arcadian vision of country delights, building perfect houses one after another—in imagination—and never realizing them in fact. Such a builder-in-the-air can flit like a butterfly from one pretty vignette to another, now adorning a smooth and grassy slope with an elegant Italian villa, now seeking a wild and picturesque ravine to erect there a glorified likeness of a Swiss chalet, and now conforming his taste to more grand and majestic scenery in the nobler lines of the Gothic; all this unharrassed by serious consideration of the rival merits of different building materials, by botherations with troublesome mechanics, by dismal qualms at the sight of bills of twice the length the most liberal estimate had allowed them, and by all after troubles that come to convince actual experimenters that country gardens are not always and necessarily Gardens of Eden. Yes, dear fellow-dreamers, let us comfort ourselves with remembering that "Spanish castles" are far more really and delightfully built than Yankee ones.

But apart from this, there is much in this book that is very pleasant reading. The little treatise on the History of Architecture contains much information compacted into small space, and the remarks on the general principles of taste are good and valuable. Such observations as the following have a value apart from their practical application.

"But whatever material you use, remember the maxim, 'Truthfulness in building.' Let the treatment correspond with the substance with which you build. Do not carve stone details out of wood, nor, with false pride, attempt to make it resemble something else. Above all, do not try to hide the face of stonework with plaster, painted to appear as if dressed. One need never blush at any expression of truthfulness in his dwelling, however homely that expression may be: but falsehood and imitation give indisputable evidence of vulgarity of taste—*snobbishness* is the modern word."

AMERICAN PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR.—Mr. G. W. Childs, having become proprietor of this periodical, has transferred its publication from New York to Philadelphia, and commenced a new 8vo. series, the first number of which has just appeared. Well printed, on good paper, and of convenient size, this is now much more than an advertising medium. It is a literary gazette, as well as publishers' circular. Advertisements and literary intelligence have so crowded upon the publisher as to compel the present number to extend to ninety-six pages, of which about one-half is *original* intelligence about books and authors, under the following heads: Editorial, London Correspondence, Authors at Home and Abroad, Changes in the Trade, Obituary, Library Intelligence, Notes on Books and Booksellers, Periodicals, The Auction Rooms, Bibliography, Notes and Queries, Book Notices, (i. e. critical opinions,) Announcements, and Lists of New Books in America, Great Britain, France, and Germany. To book-buyers, as well as to booksellers, this improved series of the *Publishers' Circular* will be of great value. It will astonish the trade in Europe, being much superior to any publication of a similar character in London or Paris. The publisher may well be congratulated upon his enterprise, good taste, and tact.

GEOLOGICAL EVIDENCES OF THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN; with Remarks on Theories of the Origin of Species by Variation. By Sir CHARLES LYELL, F. R. S., author of "Principles of Geology," "Elements of Geology," &c. Illustrated by Wood cuts. Second American from the Latest London Edition. Published by George W. Childs, Philadelphia.

This work has attracted great attention, both in Europe and on this side of the ocean, in consequence of the high reputation of Sir Charles Lyell as a geologist and a man of science. He gives in the present volume his reasons for believing in the great antiquity of the human race, based mainly upon geological developments, and favors the Darwin theory of the origin of the species by variation. Those who would like to see the best statement of the argument for the former view should procure the present volume.

☞ The farmers of Illinois are going largely into the cultivation of the beet, with especial view to the manufacture of sugar. The President of the Illinois Central Railroad has concluded an arrangement with a German firm to establish a refinery on his farm at Chatsworth, the buildings and machinery for which will be in readiness the coming season. The contractors will employ 1,500 acres in the cultivation of the beet-root.

☞ When we say of some men that they are self-made, we do so out of respect to our Maker.

SPRING.

I.

The violet beds are flushed again,
Purple and white commingled run,
And countless yellow daffodils
Are flashing in the morning sun!

II.

I take the path beside the brook,
O'ershadowed by the hawthorn tree;
I love to see the crystal stream
Forever falling to the sea.

III.

For as I tread the bright green grass,
Shooting towards Heaven its tender spears,
Then many happy thoughts come back,
And memories of other years.

IV.

Full fifty winters passed away,
Full fifty summers quickly fled,
And many friends have left me here,
And many, many more, are dead.

V.

And well I mind a day like this,
Now fifty long, long years ago,
I brought my wife this very way,
To see the early violets blow.

VI.

But she has gone these many years,
('Twas such another April day),
Into the land beyond the sun,
Where flowers of spring shall bloom for aye.

VII.

And so as spring returns again,
Again I love to wander here;
I think *my* winter must be gone,
And spring-time drawing very near.

VIII.

I love the flowers, the fields, the grass,
Lit with the happy morning sun,
And think, as by the brook I pass,
Sure, winter must at last be done!

IX.

One gentle lesson still remains,
It comes with every year anew—
These flowers have *waited* for the spring,
And I must *wait* in patience too! J. A.

THE DREAM LESSON.

BY MINNIE W. MAY.

"Your partner's wife has them, Frederick, and I should think you would try and keep up with him, when your income is precisely the same. I have been mortified to death every time Mrs. Denham has called."

"Pity, isn't it?" was the laconic reply, and the lip of the young husband took a decided curl, as he busied his eyes upon the contents of the morning paper, which had been lying unnoticed beside him.

Mrs. Percival pushed her plate away, and rose from the table with a dissatisfied air, and, entering the parlor adjoining the cosy little breakfast-room, commenced pulling abstractedly at the brown leaves that had hidden themselves among the bright green of the vigorous plants occupying one window of the pleasant parlor; and now and then she would bestow a contemptuous glance upon the plain, white screens that shaded the upper part of the window.

"How meanly they do look," she said to herself. "I will not give up so. Frederick," (aloud) "I wish you had the least bit of pride in the world."

"You have enough for us both," was the quick response, as the husband threw down his paper and joined his wife.

"But, Affie, truly these plain shades suit my taste much better than those gilt ones you are so desirous of obtaining. They are in such perfect keeping with the whole room. Can you not see there is nothing to compare with those expensive curtains?"

"I know everything is as cheap and mean as it can be," was the unpleasant reply. "If you only had a little of Mr. Denham's spirit, things would wear a very different look."

"Affie, you know Mr. Denham has done comparatively nothing towards furnishing his house, for Mrs. Denham is the only child of wealthy parents, who supply her with everything she wishes. Had you been such, you could have been furnished with luxuries, perhaps."

"Don't fling my poverty in my face, Frederick Percival," was the quick retort, while the fair face flushed with anger. "I wish from my heart you had married a rich wife."

"And you a rich husband?"

"I did not say it!"

"But you thought it? Very well, I wish you had."

Mr. Percival turned into the hall, with a deep cloud upon his brow, almost the first that had been visible there since the happy morning, one year before, when he had brought his bride to the pleasant home, in one of the most beautiful of the suburban towns near the thriving metropolis, where he had just entered into business upon the capital he had carefully hoarded through the long years of his clerkship. The home had looked very sweet and beautiful to the newly-wedded pair; and the new furniture, carefully and tastefully selected and arranged, had looked quite elegantly to Affie. But long before there was a spot or blemish upon an article in her nicely-kept rooms, they were tarnished in her eyes by the contrast presented in the newly-furnished home of her husband's partner; and for weeks she had been growing more and more dissatisfied and unhappy—constantly urging some trifling change, which her husband made, or as kindly refused, till, wearied by her constant importunities, this morning had brought an open disagreement.

The young husband put on his over-coat in the hall, and, without the usual parting kiss and kind good-morning, went out, and Affie watched him from the window, as he hastened down the street, hoping for some token of love, but there was none. He stopped a moment to hail a passing car, and, jumping quickly upon the platform, was carried beyond her sight.

Sorrow and anger were mingled in her heart for a moment, but the latter quickly gained the ascendancy, and, returning to the breakfast-room, she commenced clearing the table with such a resolution as to cause the little maid, who was the only servant in the household, to leave her breakfast unfinished, and gaze eagerly into the troubled face of her mistress.

Oh, what hard, bitter thoughts rolled over and over in the mind of the young housekeeper, as she went about her morning duties!

"To think how I have to drudge and delve," were a portion of her thoughts. "I don't get any time to read or practise, and my hands are getting so black and dingy, and I grow old and faded every day of my life. Oh, dear! and then to think, after all I do for *him*, I can't have anything I want."

But when the work was all nicely completed, and a cheerful fire lighted in the parlor, Affie went in and sat down to her sewing. It was a dress for herself she was making, of a new and costly pattern which Frederick had placed beneath her pillow a few nights previous, and which had proved such a welcome surprise. Now it had lost all its beauty; her thread knotted, her stitches looked long and uneven, and at last she threw it down impatiently, and, taking a book which was lying open upon the table, tried to interest herself in its pages. Frederick had heard her wish for that, too, and it was his hand that had traced the loving lines upon the fly-leaf the day previous. Somehow, everything she touched appealed to her better nature, that her husband was not such a hard-hearted wretch, after all; but she was hardly ready to acknowledge it to herself, just then, so she petted and nourished the hard, revengeful feelings till she dropped asleep upon the sofa.

The vision of an elegant home rose before her. The hangings upon the wall were choice and costly; the carpet was of the finest texture; the rich furniture and all the accompaniments of wealth and luxury surrounded her; while before the windows hung the identical shades which had filled her waking moments with such anxious wishes. But she, the mistress of it all, was still unhappy. A vague, undefined fear found its way through the mazes of sleep. Her husband's affections seemed alienated from her, and she was alone at night-fall, anxiously awaiting his return. A confused murmur of voices ran through her dream; heavy footsteps were treading the hall; the door opened, and the lifeless body of her husband was borne into her presence. So sudden and terrible was the shock, she only gazed in speechless agony upon the wounded body of her beloved companion. The strangers who had borne him hither withdrew, and she was left alone with the partner of her husband, who approached her, and, grasping her arm firmly, said, in tones of deep sternness,—

"Woman, behold your work? In your foolish pride and ambition you have wrecked the happiness of that noble, generous soul. One hour since he came into the store with a pale face and agitated frame. 'Walter,' he said feelingly, 'I am a ruined man. To gratify Affie's ambition, and have peace in my household, I have bartered soul and body, and now the end has come. I am overpowered with debt; I cannot meet the eyes of the world, nor the reproaches of my wife;' and before I could detain him, he had taken his life in his own hands, and ended his miserable existence. You have sent him uncalled and unprepared into eternity. His blood be upon your head!"

In agony, Affie awoke from her troubled sleep, and springing up, gave one eager glance around the apartment.

"Thank God," broke fervently from her lips, "it is only a dream."

Never before had her own little parlor looked so sweetly in its plain, substantial dress; and even the despised shades wore a changed look, now that she no longer saw them through a distorted vision.

"Dear Fred, what a naughty wife I make you. I ought to be ashamed, and I am, truly. You are yet hardly started in business, and of course want to be prudent till you know how you are to succeed; and I am burdening you with reproaches, and teasing you for everything that comes into my little wilful head. Oh, what if that dream had been true! It must serve me for a lesson, at any rate. I was no happier in my sleep, that I had all those beautiful objects around me, for which I have been wishing so constantly; and what would they all be worth if Frederick did not love me, or if he was gone from me? While I have him, and the wealth of his deep affection, I ought, and will be satisfied." The tears flowed down the flushed cheeks—not the bitter tears of unsatisfied pride, but of hearty, generous repentance. Before they were quite wiped away, the door-bell rang, the new shades had come.

"Mr. Percival sent them. In which room will you have them hung?"

Affie was not expecting them, and there was only a momentary struggle before she answered firmly—

"I am sorry to have troubled you, sir; but since my husband went out I have concluded to do without them. What shall I pay you for your inconvenience, and get you to take them back?"

"Not anything, Mrs. Percival," was the hearty response. "Indeed, I hardly knew how to let your husband have them, as they were partially promised to another; but he seemed quite to have set his heart upon them. It will be all right, I presume." The clerk went down the steps, and Affie turned back to the parlor, with a happier heart than she had ever known at the gratification of her most cherished desires; and when, on the same afternoon, she received a call from the partner's wife, so fair a face had her home put on, she forgot the contrast between the two, and ceased to feel the least mortification at her own humble lot.

The day wore away slowly, and long before the usual hour Affie had tea ready, and stationed herself at the window to watch the coming of the absent one. The warm breath that left its faint impress upon the glass against which her anxious face was pressed came a little quicker as the familiar form came up the street. She ran to open the hall-door, as usual, but blushes nestled in her cheeks, and there was an embarrassment mingled with her joyful greeting.

Her husband met her kindly, but a faint remembrance rankled in his heart, and he could not forbear the thought—

"I should have met with a cooler reception, had it not been for the shades; consequently his first glance was towards the windows, but the same old curtains occupied their place.

"Didn't Mr. Webster send those shades, as I ordered?" he asked, a trifle impatiently.

"What shades, Frederick?" inquired Affie, with a strong effort to control the mirth that was speaking from her eyes, and which at last broke from the rosy lips with the history of the day.

But, as she proceeded, tears took the place of smiles, and the eyes of her husband presented a sympathetic appearance, as he pressed her more closely to him, and said—

"Bless you, my little wife, and forgive me, too, for harboring such unkind, unjust thoughts towards you. I went into town feeling very bitterly, and everything went so badly, it only increased bad feelings. After a little time, Mrs. Denham and her cousin came in. I was hidden from them by a pile of goods, and the first words I noticed were from the younger lady.

"'We are going to call on your partner's wife this afternoon, Mr. Denham, and I am prepared to love her dearly, from Hester's account.'

"'She is a paragon of perfection in her eyes, I believe,' was the reply; 'and she quite merits it, for she is truly a charming little woman.'"

"Oh, Fred, Mrs. Denham didn't say that about me?" chimed in the young wife, in a pleasant voice.

"Yes, and that's not all. Mrs. Denham went on to speak of you in terms of the warmest praise, and then she said—'She is a capital housekeeper; I am going to ask her to give me lessons, when we are a little better acquainted. Her house is so neat and nice, when I come from a call there, I feel really ashamed at my lack of taste!' By-the-way, Affie, I guess that is a way you ladies have of seeing other people's houses. Well, then I thought I was a perfect monster. I knew the conversation was true, every word of it, and I determined at once to spare nothing that would add to your gratification, and show others what a model housekeeper I had for a wife. That was how the shades happened to come.

"Ah, Affie, in my pride of and for you, I might, indeed, have realized the bitterness of your dream, had I not reached the fatal ending. Let us wait awhile, dear little wife, till we are established in business, and be sure not to go one cent beyond our income now, and perhaps one day we may have luxuries, too."

"And don't we have now, dear Fred? Isn't it a luxury to have you come home so strong and well, and to hold so much love for each other within our hearts? How foolish I have been to envy Mrs. Denham, and make myself so wretched, and you, too. Forgive me, just this once, and I promise never to forget *the Dream Lesson*."

There was an interchange of sweet words. It was all "made up," and happy the two went out together to the cheerful supper-room, while everything wore again the rosy glow reflected from the sweet peace and love of contented, happy hearts.—*The Mother's Journal.*

☞ PRAISE AND ABUSE.—Public applause is ever jealous of its own verdict, and thus the men who have been most abused have been generally those who have been most praised.

☞ A GOLDEN RULE.—When you receive a kindness, remember it; when you bestow one, forget it.

JEWELS.

Flowers of the inner Earth, that never fade,
But bloom unchanged for centuries unseen,
In radiance born of darkness, and yet made
To double daylight's sheen;

Mysterious children of Earth's hidden deeps,
Strangers to sun, and stars, and crystal sphere—
Some wondrous secret life within you sleeps,
That hath no symbol here.

I see a quivering strife within you waged,
A heart of light convulsed in chained control,
As though within the adamant were caged
A struggling new-born soul.

The Diamond, in its restless rainbow blaze,
With essence of the unquiet Aurora filled;
The Ruby, in whose core of focused rays
The sunset is distilled;

The steadfast Emerald, with her planet-light,
Like Earth in summer sunshine all attired;
The Sapphire, shrine of truth, keen, pure and bright,
With Heaven's own light inspired;

The Carbuncle, in whose volcano-heart
Has Mother-Earth instilled the fearful blood
That cries to Heaven for vengeance, till it start
To judgment in a flood;

Pearls, sad as frozen tears upon a shroud,
And pallid as the spectre-moon by day;
The Opal, fraught, like tender morning cloud,
With shifting tint and ray;

The golden-gleaming Topaz, that hath caught
A struggling sunbeam in its heart of rock;
The Gem, whose tint from glacier-depths seems brought,
The living spring to mock—

Has each a life peculiar and apart,
Long sealed in darkness in the rock, and first
Waked when the chisel on its blinded heart
Let Heaven's full radiance burst.

A NEW WAY TO RAISE MONEY.

Jones and Smith were schoolfellows, they were linked together by the bands of friendship, they were never sundered. Fate seemed to have ordered it so. They both entered the merchant service, they sailed together, and in the same vessel. The wish of one was the wish of the other. They made several voyages; at length they became tired of a seafaring life, and resolved to settle on shore.

They commenced business. "Jones and Smith" figured in large letters over their shop window. Jones had had a small legacy left him, which enabled them to start pretty fair. All went on smoothly for a time. At length, Smith began to tire, business was too slow. Jones, of course, was tired, and thought the business particularly slow.

Jones fancied himself a "knowing one," and he was sure to win money on the races—if he backed the right horse. Smith thought he could do the same. They backed the same horse; but, by some most unfortunate want of foresight, they did not back the right horse. Smith neglected the shop, Jones could do no other than follow his partner's example; the result was, the names of the firm—Jones and Smith—appeared in the *Gazette*. They were ruined.

What was to be done?—they had but a few pounds left between them. Jones remembered he had an uncle living in Scotland. They had had an *uncle* who resided in London, who had occasionally supplied their immediate wants, and who also, at such times, kindly took care of portions of their wardrobes or jewelry. This uncle they always found *interested*—they hoped to find the Scottish uncle *interesting*.

Jones knew he was rich, and that his coat of arms was not Lombardian. He feared a refusal of assistance were he to write, but felt assured a personal application would be sure to prove successful.

So to Scotland they determined at once to wend their way.

Let it be remembered there were no railroads when this journey was resolved upon, no cheap trips, and that the fare by coach from London to Edinburgh was very extensive, besides the expected fees to coachmen and guards. They started, however, trusting to chance and their indomitable good humor, for it must be recorded they were never known to have had any angry words.

They had progressed about fifty miles on their road—about an eighth portion of their journey only—when they discovered that their funds were exhausted. There was no getting trust from coachmen or bookkeepers, a promissory note was not negociable at the booking office. What was to be done? There they were penniless among strangers; all their available property had already been converted into cash. Smith began to speculate as to whether he could find an uncle in the town they were in, who would take charge of his coat, for, as the weather was very warm, he would be glad to get rid of that garment, and he could call for it on his return. Jones agreed with him—it was warm, and he would also be glad to be relieved from the encumbrance of his coat. The uncle not being familiarly known to Smith, no doubt, would let them have a little money as security for the safe keeping of their garments; but, after making strict inquiry, they found no such relative resided there. There was no "gin palaces" in that town, therefore it would not answer the purpose of any pawnbroker to establish himself there. Seeing no chance of raising the necessary supply, they resolved to walk. So on they started, whiling the road by singing as they went along. When conversation flagged, they could not, if they would, be miserable—they were merry fellows, and made sport of their predicament.

On they walked, and, judging from the time they had occupied, they must have advanced on their road about ten miles; not having their watches with them, having, for safety, placed them in the care of their uncle in London, they calculated time by the sun—they took a solar observation.

Feeling a little fatigue they paused to rest themselves, and partook of a frugal meal, for they had provided themselves with a small loaf and a smaller piece of cheese, and near at hand ran a small stream, from which they could slack their thirst.

"Jones, what shall we do?" inquired Smith.

"Don't know," replied Jones; "we are in a precious fix, as the Yankees say."

All of a sudden, Smith started Jones by exclaiming—

"Jones, look there; all right, my boy, I have it."

"Well," said Jones; "what am I to look at? What have you got, and what is all right?"

"We shall get to Scotland, my boy, and you shall embrace your natural born uncle; but we must take our time over the journey."

"What are you talking about, Smith—do elucidate?"

"Look there!" replied the new delighted Smith, his eyes beaming with joy; "look there!" pointing to a sign-board, on which was painted, in bold and legible characters, and which stood on the other side of the road:—

"*FIVE POUNDS REWARD*

"*Will be given to any person giving information of any party or parties damaging these fences, or trespassing on these grounds.*

"*The above reward will be given upon conviction of the offenders, by*

"AMOS TYSON, ESQ.,
"*The Lodge.*"

"Well!" said Jones.

"Well!" said Smith, "don't you see? I trespass—you inform!"

"Nonsense!" said Jones.

Smith continued—

"I tell you what we will do—it can't be a transportable offence. We will make some affectionate inquiries as to the length of the imprisonment the culprit is subject to; perhaps it may only turn out to be a couple of hours in the stocks. I feel rather tired, and should not object to a rest, provided we got the reward, and they gave me a soft seat."

While they were thus speculating, a country lad came up, whom Smith addressed.

"I say, my man, who lives in that house yonder?" pointing to a very splendid old mansion, the proprietor of which, doubtless, was enabled to enjoy the luxury of lump sugar in his tea, and a glass of wine on Sundays.

"Squire Tyson do live thar, zur; all this land belongs to he."

"Indeed," said Smith; "I should like very much to go through this plantation—it seems very beautiful."

"I'd advise thee not to try it; he be very 'tickler, he be. Don't 'ee see the board?"

"Oh," said Jones; "he won't refuse a gentleman."

"Wun't 'ee, tho'. Only last week as ever was, our Bill Somers, the cobbler, was caught. Squire catch'd 'un hisself; he took 'un 'afore our parson, who lives at that big white house—he be a magistrate, zur, and he giv'd 'un three hours in the stocks. We had a jolly lark, for he sot there, and didn't he enjoy hisself—not above a bit, he did. He smoked ten pipes, and drank two quarts of yale, so that, when beadle cum'd to let him out, he was jolly. Then beadle push'd 'un, to wake 'un up, when Bill up fist and guv'd beadle a facer. He didn't want to be waked out of his sleep, he said; so parson guv'd 'un two hours more, but no pipes, or baccy, or yale. Bill wur glad enough to be let out when time was up—'ee felt stiffish loike."

Smith, turning to Jones, remarked, if the stocks was the only punishment, he thought the five pounds would be easily earned. Then, addressing the lad, he asked if anybody ever informed, and whether the reward was always paid. He was told; that the squire was so very particular in preserving his grounds, that he was always ready to give the money, for he was determined to put a stop to people getting over his fences; and for the first offence, the chap who did get over, and was fool enough to get cotched, he had three hours in the stocks; for the second offence, he was sent to gaol for three months.

After thanking the lad, they bade him good-morning. The boy looked as if he expected a drink. Smith pointed to the stream of water.

"Now," said Smith, "the five pounds are ours. I'll get over the fence, you go to the squire's and give him the information. He'll start off with the constables. I shall be 'cotched in the fact;' I'll surrender quietly. They'll march me before the parson, I shall be committed. Three hours in the stocks will soon pass away, for—

"'I'll whistle for awhile, and then I'll sleep!'

You'll get the five pounds, then on we go for Scotland. If we fail short, perhaps we shall meet another reward. Then you shall take a turn in the stocks, I'll inform—that will be all fair you know."

All turned out as they desired and expected. Jones went to the house, saw the squire, who raved and swore. There was no magistrate by to fine him, so he indulged in that disgusting, to some, luxury. A constable was immediately sent for; they caught Smith in the act of trespassing. He was seized and taken before the parson, who thought there was no crime so great as entering a preserve. He was a sporting parson, and nothing would have given him so much pleasure as hanging all poachers. He expatiated on the liberty of the subject with much warmth and energy, and sent Smith to the stocks, to remain there three hours.

Jones claimed the reward, which was paid, and away the party went—Smith to the stocks, Jones to the public house, where he purchased "baccy, pipes, and yale," which he took to Smith, for in the hurry to punish so great a criminal, the parson forgot to prohibit refreshments.

Smith bore his punishment most stoically. He was not annoyed by the peasantry, for the sight of a man in the stocks was almost a daily occurrence—there was no novelty in it. The time up, the culprit was released none the worse; on the contrary, he had a good rest, but the seat was none of the softest. The two friends adjourned to the public house, regaled themselves with a dish of beans and bacon, discussed sundry pipes and other potations. The coach came up, they could afford to ride, so off they started. They arrived safely in Edinburgh. Jones saw his uncle, who received him most kindly. He laughed most heartily when he heard the story of their journey, and applauded their ingenuity in hitting upon a new way to raise money. C. P.

A WORD TO MOTHERS.

Each mother is a historian. She writes not the history of empires or of nations on paper, but she writes her own history on the imperishable mind of her child. That tablet and that history will remain indelible when time shall be no more. That history each mother will meet again, and read with eternal joy or unutterable grief in the far-coming ages of eternity. This thought should weigh on the mind of every mother, and render her deeply circumspect, and prayerful, and faithful in her solemn work of training up her children for heaven and immortality.

The minds of children are very susceptible and easily impressed. A word, a look, a frown, may engrave an impression on the mind of a child which no lapse of time can efface or wash out. You walk along the sea shore when the tide is out, and you form characters, or write words, or names in the smooth, white sand, which is spread out so clear and beautiful at your feet, according as your fancy may dictate; but the returning tide shall in a few hours wash out and efface forever all that you have written. Not so the lines and characters of truth, or error, which your conduct imprints on the mind of your child. There you write impressions for the everlasting good or ill of your child, which neither the floods nor the storms of the earth can wash out, nor Death's cold fingers erase, nor the slow moving ages of eternity obliterate. How careful, then, should each mother be of her treatment of her child. How prayerful, and how serious, and how earnest to write the eternal truths of God on his mind—those truths which shall be his guide and teacher when her voice shall be silent in death, and her lips no longer move in prayer in his behalf, in commending her dear child to her covenant God.

SLEEP OVERCOMES ALL MEN.—The most violent passion and excitement cannot keep even powerful minds from sleep. Alexander the Great slept on the field of Arbela, and Napoleon upon that of Austerlitz. Even stripes and torture cannot keep off sleep, as criminals have been known to give way to it on the rack. Noises, which at first serve to drive it away, soon become indispensable to its existence, thus a stage coach stopping to change horses, wakes all the passengers. The proprietor of an iron forge, who slept close to the din of hammers, forges, and blast furnaces, would wake if there was any interruption to them during the night; and a sick miller, who had his mill stopped on that account, passed sleepless nights until the mill resumed its usual noise. Homer, in his Iliad, elegantly represents sleep as overcoming all men, and even the gods.

THE ENDLESS REST.—There are no weary heads or weary hearts on the other side of Jordan. The rest of heaven will be the sweeter for the toils of earth. The value of eternal rest will be enhanced by the troubles of time. Jesus now allows us to rest on His bosom. He will soon bring us to rest in His Father's house. His rest will be glorious. A rest from sin; a rest from suffering; a rest from toil; a rest from sorrow. The very rest that Jesus Himself enjoys. We shall rest not only with Him, but like Him.—Thanks be unto God for the rest we now enjoy! Ten thousand thanks to God for the rest we shall enjoy with Christ! Wearied one, look away from the cause of thy present suffering, and remember there is a rest remaining for thee. A little while and thou shalt enter into rest.

READY FOR DUTY.

Daffy-down-dilly came up in the cold,
Through the brown mould,
Although the March breezes blew keen on her face,
Although the white snow lay on many a place.

Daffy-down-dilly had heard under ground
The sweet rushing sound
Of the streams, as they burst off their white winter chains—
Of the whistling spring winds and the pattering rains.

"Now then," thought Daffy, deep down in her heart,
"It's time I should start!"
So she pushed her soft leaves through the hard frozen ground,
Quite up to the surface, and then she looked round.

There was snow all about her,—gray clouds overhead—
The trees all looked dead.
Then how do you think Daffy-down-dilly felt,
When the sun would not shine and the ice would not melt?

"Cold weather!" thought Daffy, still working away:
"The earth's hard to-day!
There's but a half inch of my leaves to be seen,
And two-thirds of that is more yellow than green!

I can't do much yet—but I'll do what I can.
It's well I began!
For unless I can manage to lift up my head,
The people will think that the Spring herself's dead."

So, little by little, she brought her leaves out,
All clustered about;
And then her bright flowers began to unfold,
Till Daffy stood robed in her spring green and gold.

Oh, Daffy-down-dilly! so brave and so true!
I wish all were like you!
So ready for duty in all sorts of weather,
And holding forth courage and beauty together.

ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

By the Author of "Aurora Floyd," "Lady Audley's Secret," &c.

CHAPTER XI.

RICHARD THORNTON'S PROMISE.

Eleanor Vane looked very sadly at all the common, every-*day sights* connected with the domestic economy of the Pilasters, when she went back to Bloomsbury, after her interview with Mrs. Bannister. She had only lived a year and a half in that humble locality, but it was in her nature to become quickly attached to places as well as persons, and she had grown very fond of the Pilasters. Everybody about the place knew her and loved her. The horses looked out of their open stable-doors as she passed; the dogs came tumbling from their kennels, dragging half-a-dozen yards of rusty iron chain and a heap of straw at their heels, to greet her as she went by; the chimney-sweeps' children courted her notice; and at all the little shops where she had been wont to give orders and pay bills for the Signora, the simple tradespeople tendered her their admiration and homage. Her beauty was a pride to the worthy citizens of the Pilasters. Could all Bloomsbury, from Dudley Street to the Squares, produce sunnier golden hair or brighter gray eyes than were to be seen under the shadow of the dilapidated colonnade when Eleanor Vane went by?

In this atmosphere of love and admiration, the girl had been very happy. She had one of those natures in which there lies a wondrous power of assimilation with the manners and habits of others. She was never out of place; she was never in the way. She was not ambitious. Her sunny temperament was the centre of perpetual peace and happiness, only to be disturbed by very terrible thunder-claps of grief and trouble. She had been very happy with the Signora; and to-day, when she looked round the little sitting room, her eyes resting sadly now on the old piano, now on a shelf of tattered books, romances dear to Richard and herself, and not too well treated by either; now on the young man's flaming *magnum opus*, the picture she had loved to criticise and abuse in mischievous enjoyment of the painter's anguish; now as she looked at these things, and remembered how soon she must go away from them, the slow tears trickled down her cheeks, and she stood hopeless, despondent on the gloomy threshold of her new life.

She had found the familiar rooms empty upon her return from Bayswater, for the Signora was away teaching beyond the regions of the New Road, and Richard was hard at work at the Phœnix, where there were always new pieces to be produced and new scenes to be painted. Eleanor had the little sitting-room all to herself; she took off her bonnet and sat down upon the old-fashioned chintz-covered sofa. She buried her head in the cushions and tried to think.

The prospect of a new existence, which would have been delightful to most girls of her age, was utterly distasteful to her. Her nature was adhesive; she would have gone to the furthest end of the world with her father if he had lived, or with Richard and the Signora, whom she loved only less than she had loved him. But to sever every tie, and go out alone into the world with nothing between her and desolation, was unspeakably terrible to this affectionate, impulsive girl.

If it had been simply a question of her own advantage, if by the sacrifice of her own advancement, her every prospect in life, she might have stayed with the friends she loved, she would not have hesitated for a moment. But it was not so. Mrs. Bannister had clearly told her that she was a burden upon these generous people who had sheltered and succored her in her hour of misery. The cruel word pauperism had been flung in her teeth, and with a racking brain this poor girl set herself to calculate how much her maintenance cost her friends, and how much she was able to contribute out of her own pitiful earnings.

Alas! the balance told against her when the sum was done. Her earnings were very, very small as yet; not because her talent was unappreciated, but because her pupils were poor, and a music-mistress, whose address was Bloomsbury Pilasters, could scarcely demand high payment for her services, or hope to obtain a very aristocratic connection.

No, Mrs. Bannister—stern, uncompromising, and disagreeable as the truth itself—had no doubt been right. Her duty lay before her, plainly indicated by that unpleasant monitor. She was bound to leave these dear friends, and to go out into the world to fight a lonely battle for herself.

"I may be able to do something for them," she thought; and this thought was the only gleam of light which illumined the darkness of her sorrow. "I may be able to save money enough to buy the Signora a black silk dress, and Richard a meerschaum. I should so like to buy Dick a meerschaum; I know the one he'd like—a bulldog's head, with a silver collar round the neck. We looked at it one night at a shop in Holborn."

She rose from the sofa at last with an aching heart and troubled brain, when the early shadows of the spring twilight were gathering in the room. She made up the fire and swept the hearth, and arranged the tea-things on the comfortable round table, and then sat down on a low stool by the fender to toast great rounds of bread which would be as nothing in comparison to Richard's all-devouring capacity after a hard day's work in the scene-room at the Phœnix. How pleasant it was to perform all these little familiar offices of love and duty. How sorrowfully she looked back to her simple, free-and-easy life, now that she was to go among strangers who would exact all manner of ceremonious observances from her. The Bohemianism of her existence had been its greatest charm, and this poor benighted girl trembled at the prospect of a life in which she would have to go through all those terrible performances which she had read of, fearfully and wonderingly, in certain erudite essays upon Etiquette, but which had never yet come within the range of her experiences.

"It is my duty to go away from them," she kept saying to herself; "it is my duty to go away."

She had schooled herself in this difficult duty by the time her friends came home, and she told them very quietly that she had seen Mrs. Bannister, and had agreed to accept her patronage and services.

"I am going to be a sort of companion or musical governess—I scarcely know which—to a young lady at a country house called Hazlewood," she said. "Don't think I am not sorry to leave you, dear Signora, but Hortensia says it is better that I should do so."

"And don't think that I am not sorry to lose you, Nelly, when I tell you that I think your sister is right," the Signora answered gently, as she kissed her protegee.

Perhaps Eleanor was a little disappointed at this reply. She little dreamed how often Eliza Picirillo had struggled against the selfishness of her affection, before she had grown thus resigned to this parting.

Mr. Richard Thornton groaned aloud.

"I shall go out and pull down a couple of the Pilasters, and bury myself under them, a la Sampson," he said, piteously. "What is to become of us without you, Eleanor? Who will come over to the Phœnix, and applaud my great scenes with the ferule of an umbrella? Who'll cut up half-quartern loaves into toast when I am hungry, or have Welsh rarebits in readiness on the hob, when I come home late at night? Who'll play Mendelssohn's 'Songs without Words' to me, and darn my stockings, and sew buttons—absurd institutions, invented by ignorant people, who have never known the blessing of pins—upon my shirts? Who'll abuse me when I go unshaven, or recommend blacking as an embellishment for my boots? Who'll career in and out of the room with a dirty white French poodle at her heels, looking like a fair-haired Esmeralda with a curly-coated goat? What are we to do without you, Eleanor?"

There was a sharp pain at poor Dick's heart as he apostrophised his adopted sister. Were his feelings quite brotherly? was there no twinge of the fatal torture so common to mankind mingled with this young man's feelings as he looked at the beautiful face opposite to him, and remembered how soon it would have vanished from that shabby chamber, leaving only dismal emptiness behind?

The Signora looked at her nephew and sighed. Yes, it was far better that Eleanor should go away. She could never have grown to love this honest-hearted, candid, slovenly scene-painter, whose coat was a perfect landscape in distemper by reason of the many colored splashes which adorned it.

"My poor Dick would have fallen in love with her, and would have broken his good, honest heart," Eliza Picirillo said. "I'm very glad she's going away."

So from the road which Destiny had appointed for her to tread, there was not one voice to call Eleanor Vane aside. The affectionate and the indifferent alike conspired to urge her onward. It was only her own inclination that would have held her back.

"If I could have stayed in London," she thought, "there might have been some chance of my meeting that man. All scamps and villains come to hide themselves in London. But in a quiet country village I shall be buried alive. When I pass the threshold of Mrs. Darrell's house, I bid good bye to the hope of crossing that man's pathway."

The letter came very quickly from Mrs. Bannister. Mrs. Darrell had accepted her dear friend's recommendation, and was ready to receive Miss Vincent. It was under this name the stock-broker's widow had introduced her half-sister to the notice of her friend.

"You will receive a salary of thirty pounds a year," Hortensia Bannister wrote, "and your duties will be very light. Do not forget that your name at Hazlewood is to be Vincent, and that you are carefully to avoid all reference to your father. You will be among people who knew him well—and must, therefore be on your guard. I have described you as the orphan daughter of a gentleman who died in reduced circumstances, and have thus strictly adhered to the truth. No questions will be asked of you, as Mrs. Darrell is satisfied with my recommendation, and is to well bred to feel any vulgar curiosity as to your past history. I send you, per parcel delivery, a box of dresses and other wearing apparel, which will be of use to you. I also send you five pounds for such little extra expenditure as may be necessary. Hazlewood is thirty miles from London, and about seven from Windsor. You will go down by the Great Western, and stop at Slough, where a conveyance will meet you; but I will write further upon this matter before you go. Mrs. Darrell has kindly accorded you a fortnight's delay for such preparations as you may require to make. You will be expected at Hazlewood on the 6th of April.

"I have only one other remark to make. I know that your father cherished a foolish notion upon the subject of the Woodlands property. Pray bear in mind that no such idea has ever been entertained by me. I know the Darrell family quite well enough to feel assured that they will take care of their own rights, which I am content to acknowledge. Remember, therefore, that I have no wish or expectation with regard to Maurice de Crespigny's will; but it is, on the other hand, perfectly true, that in his youth he did make a solemn promise that, in the event of his dying a bachelor, he would leave that money to my father or his heirs."

Eleanor Vane took very little notice of this final paragraph in her sister's letter.—Who cared for Maurice de Crespigny's fortune? What was the good of it *now?* It could not bring her father back to life; it could not blot out that quiet, unwitnessed death-scene in the Parisian cafe; it could not rehabilitate the broken name, or restore the shattered life. What could it matter who inherited the vile and useless dross?

The fortnight passed in a feverish, unsatisfactory manner. Richard and the Signora took care to conceal the poignancy of their regret at parting with the gay-hearted girl, who had brought such new brightness into their narrow lives.

Eleanor wept by stealth; dropping many bitter tears over her work, as she remodelled Mrs. Bannister's silk dresses, reducing those garments to the dimensions of her own girlish figure. The last night came by-and-by, the night of the 5th of April, the eve of a sorrowful parting, and the beginning of a new existence.

It happened to be a Sunday evening, and Eleanor and Richard walked out together in the quiet Bloomsbury streets while the bells were ringing for evening service, and the lamps glimmering dimly from the church windows. They chose the loneliest streets in the old-fashioned middle-class quarter.—Eleanor was very pale, very silent. This evening walk had been her express desire, and Richard watched her wonderingly. Her face had an expression which he remembered in the Rue l'Archeveque, when he had told her the story of her father's death—an unnaturally rigid look, strangely opposed to the changeful brightness common to that youthful countenance.

They had strolled slowly hither and thither in the deserted streets for some time. The bells had ceased ringing, and the church-goers had all disappeared. The gray twilight was stealing into the streets and squares, and the lights began to shine out from the lower windows.

"How quiet you are, Nelly," Richard said at last; "why were you so anxious that we should come out together alone, my dear? I fancied you had something particular to say to me."

"I have something particular to say."

"What about?" asked Mr. Thornton.

He looked thoughtfully at his companion. He could only see her profile—that clearly-defined, almost classical outline—for she had not turned towards him when she spoke. Her gray eyes looked straight before her into empty space, and her lips were tightly compressed.

"You love me, don't you, Richard?" she asked presently, with a suddenness that startled the scene painter.

Poor Dick blushed crimson at that alarming inquiry. How could she be so cruel as to ask him such a question? For the last fortnight he had been fighting with himself—Heaven knows how sturdily and honestly—in the heroic desire to put away this one fatal thought from his mind; and now the girl for whose sake he had been doing battle with his own selfishness, strikes the tenderest of all chords with her ignorant hand, and wounds her victim to the very quick.

But Miss Vane had no consciousness of the mischief she had done. Coquetry was an unknown science to this girl of seventeen. In all matters connected with that womanly accomplishment she was as much a child now that her seventeenth birthday was past, as she had been in the old days at Chelsea, when she had upset Richard's color-boxes and made grotesque copies of his paintings.

"I know you love me, Dick," she continued, "quite as much as if I were your real sister, instead of a poor, desolate girl, who flung herself upon you and yours in the day of her affliction. I know you love me, Dick, and would do almost anything for my sake, and I wanted to speak to you to-night alone, because I am going to say something that would distress the dear Signora, if she were to hear it."

"What is it, my dear?"

"You remember the story of my father's death?"

"Only too well, Eleanor."

"And you remember the vow I made when you told me that story, Richard?"

The young man hesitated.

"Yes, I do remember, Nelly," he said, after a pause; "but I had hoped that you had forgotten that foolish vow. For it was foolish, you know, my dear, as well as unwomanly," the young man added, gravely.

Eleanor's eyes flashed defiance upon her friend, as she turned to him for the first time that evening.

"Yes," she cried, "you thought that I had forgotten, because I was not always talking of that man who caused my father's death. You thought my sorrow for my father was only childish grief, that was to be forgotten when I turned my back upon the country where he lies in his abandoned grave—his unconsecrated grave, poor dear! You thought that nobody would ever try to avenge the poor, lonely old man's murder—for it was a murder, Richard Thornton! What did the wretch who robbed him care for the anguish of the heart he broke?—What did he care what became of his victim? It was as base and cruel a murder as was ever done upon this earth, Richard, though the world would not call it by that name."

"Eleanor, my dear Eleanor! why do you talk of these things?"

The girl's voice had risen with the vehemence of her passion, and Richard Thornton dreaded the effect which this kind of conversation might have upon her excitable nature.

"Nelly, my dear," he said, "it would be better to forget all this. What good can you do by cherishing these painful recollections? You are never likely to meet this man; you do not even know his name. He was a scamp and an adventurer, no doubt; he may be dead by this time. He may have done something to bring himself within the power of the law, and he may be in prison, or transported."

"He may have done something to bring himself within the power of the law," repeated Eleanor. "What do you mean?"

"I mean that he may have committed some crime for which he could be punished."

"Could he be punished by the law for having cheated my father at cards?"

"That sort of charge is always difficult to be proved, Nell; impossible to be proved after the fact. No, I'm afraid the law could never touch him for that."

"But if he were to commit some other crime, he might be punished?"

"Of course."

"If I met him, Richard," cried Eleanor Vane, with a dangerous light kindling in her eyes, "I would try and lure him on to commit some crime, and then turn round upon him and say, 'The law of the land could not avenge my father's death, but it can punish you for a lesser crime. I have twisted the law to my own purpose, and made it redress my father's wrongs.'"

Richard Thornton stared aghast at his companion.

"Why, Eleanor," he exclaimed, "you talk like a Red Indian! This is quite shocking. You frighten me, really; you do indeed."

"I am sorry for that, Richard," Miss Vane answered meekly. She was a child in all things which concerned her affections alone. "I wouldn't grieve you or the dear Signora for the world. But there are some things that are stronger than ourselves, Richard, and the oath that I took a year and a half ago in the Rue l'Archeveque is one of those things. I have never forgotten, Dick. Night after night—though I've been happy and lighthearted enough in the day, Richard dear, for I could not be otherwise than happy with you and the Signora—night after night I have lain awake thinking of my father's death. If that death had been a common one; if he had died in my arms at the will of God instead of by the cruelty of a wretch, my grief might have worn itself out by this time. But as it is, I cannot forget; I cannot forgive. If all the Christian people in the world were to talk to me, I could never have one merciful feeling towards this man. If he were going to be hung to-morrow, I should be glad; and could walk barefoot to the place of his execution to see him suffer. There is no treachery that I would think base if employed against him. There is no slow torture I could inflict upon him that would seem cruel enough to satisfy my hatred of him. Think what a helpless old man my father was; a broken-down gentleman; the sort of man whom everybody pities, whom everybody respects. Remember this; and then remember the cold-blooded deliberation of the wretch who cheated him out of the money which was more than money to him—which represented honor—honesty—his child's future—all he valued. Remember the remorseless cruelty of the wretch who looked on while this helpless old man suffered a slow agony of six or seven hours' duration, and then left him alone in his misery and desolation. Think of this, Richard Thornton, and don't wonder any longer if my feelings towards this man are not *Christian-like.*"

"My dear Eleanor, if I regret the vehemence of your feeling upon this subject, I do not defend the man whose treachery hurried your father to his unhappy death; I only wish to convice you of the folly you commit in cherishing these ideas of vengeance and retribution. Life is not a three-volume novel or a five act play, you know, Nelly. The sudden meetings and strange coincidences common in novels are not very general in our every-day existence. It is not at all likely that in the whole course of your life you will ever again encounter this man. From the moment of your father's death all clue to him was lost; for it was only your father who could have told us who and what he was, or, at least, who and what he represented himself to be. He is lost in the vast chaos of humanity now, my dear, and you have not the frailest clue by which you might hope to find him. For Heaven's sake, then, abandon all thought of an impossible revenge. Have you forgotten the words we heard in the Epistle a few weeks ago: 'Vengeance is mine,' I will repay, saith the Lord. If the melo-dramatic revenge of the stage is not practicable in real life, we know at least, my dear—for you see we have it from very high authority—that wicked deeds do not go unpunished. Far away at the remotest limits of the earth, this man, whom your puny efforts would be powerless to injure, may suffer for his crime. Try and think of this, Eleanor."

"*I cannot,*" answered the girl. "The letter which my father wrote me before he died, was a direct charge which I will never disobey. The only inheritance I received from him was that letter; that letter in which he told me to avenge his death. I dare say you think me mad as well as wicked, Richard; but in spite of all you have said, *I believe that I shall meet this man!*"

The scene-painter sighed and relapsed into despondent silence. How could he argue with this girl? What could he do but love and admire her, and entrust himself to her direction if she had need of a slave. While he was thinking this, Eleanor clasped both her hands upon his arm and looked up earnestly in his face.

"Richard, dear," she said in a low voice, "I think you would serve me if you had the power."

"I would go through fire and water to do so, Nelly."

"I want you to help me in this matter. You know as little of this man as I do, but you are much clever than me. You mix with other people and see something of the world; not much, I know, but still a great deal more than I do. I am going away into a quiet country place, where there is no possible chance of meeting this man; you will stay in London—"

"Where I may brush against him in the streets any day, Nell, without being a shade the wiser as to his identity. My dear child, for any practical purpose you will be as near the man in Berkshire as I shall be in Bloomsbury. Don't let's talk of him any longer, Nelly. I can't tell you how this subject distresses me."

"I won't leave off talking of him," said the young lady, resolutely, "until you have made me a promise."

"What promise?"

"That if ever you do come across any clue which may lead to the identification of the man I want to find, you will follow it up, patiently and faithfully, sparing neither trouble nor cost; for my sake, Richard, for my sake. Will you promise?"

"I will, my dear," Mr. Thornton answered. "I do promise, and I will keep my promise honestly if ever the chance of doing so should come to me. But I must tell you frankly, Nell, I don't believe it ever will."

"Bless you for the promise, notwithstanding, Richard," Eleanor said, warmly. "It has made me much happier. There will be two people henceforth, instead of one, set against this man."

A dark frown overshadowed her face.—It seemed as if she had uttered those last few words in the form of a threat and a defiance, which the man, whoever he was, and wherever he was, might hear.

"You know all the strange things they say now about second sight, clairvoyance, odic force, magnetic attraction—all sorts of long words whose meaning I don't understand, Richard—I wonder sometimes if this man *knows* that I hate him, and that I am watching for him, thinking of him, praying to meet him day and night. Perhaps he does know this, and will hold himself on his guard against me, and try and avoid me."

Richard shrank from entering upon this subject; the conversation had been altogether disagreeable to him. There was a horrible discrepancy between this girl's innocent, youthful beauty and all this determined talk of fierce and eager vengeance, which would have been more natural to a Highland or Corsican chieftain than to a young lady of seventeen.

It was dark now, and they went back to the Pilasters, where Eliza Picirillo was spending that last night very sadly. The shabby room was only illumined by the glimmer of a low fire, for the Signora had not cared to light the candles until her two children came home. She had been sitting by the dingy window watching for their return, and had fallen asleep in the darkness.

There is no need to dwell upon that last night. It was like the eves of all partings, very sad, very uncomfortable. Everything was disorganized by that approaching sorrow. Conversation was desultory and forced, and Richard was glad to be employed in cording Eleanor's boxes. She had two trunks now, and had a wardrobe that seemed to her magnificent, so liberally had Mrs. Bannister bestowed her cast-off dresses upon her half-sister.

So the last night passed away, the April morning came, and Eleanor's new life began.

CHAPTER XII.

GILBERT MONCKTON.

Eleanor Vane was not to go down to Berkshire alone. The beginning of her new life, that terrible beginning which she so much dreaded, was to make her acquainted with new people.

She had received the following communication from Mrs. Darrell:

"Hazlewood, April 3rd, 1855.

"Madam,—

"As it would of course be very improper for a young lady of your age to travel alone, I have provided against that contingency.

"My friend, Mr. Monckton, has kindly promised to meet you in the first-class waiting room at the Great Western Station, at three o'clock on Monday afternoon. He will drive you here on his way home.

"I am, Madam,

"Yours, faithfully,

"Ellen Darrell."

Eliza Picirillo worked harder upon a Monday than on any other day in the week. She left the Pilasters immediately after an early breakfast, to go upon a wearisome round amongst her pupils. Richard was in the thick of the preparation for a new piece, so poor Eleanor was obliged to go alone to the station, to meet the stranger who had been appointed as her escort to Hazlewood.

She quite broke down when the time came for bidding farewell to her old friend. She clung about the Signora, weeping unrestrainedly for the first time.

"I can't bear to go away from you," she sobbed, piteously, "I can't bear to say good-bye."

"But, my love," the music mistress answered, tenderly, "if you really don't wish to go—"

"No, no, it isn't that. I feel that I must go—that—"

"And I too, my dear girl. I believe you would do very wrong in refusing this situation. But, Nelly, my darling, remember that this is only an experiment. You may not be happy at Hazlewood. In that case, you will not fail to remember that your home is always here; that come to it when you may, you will never fail to find a loving welcome; and that the friends you leave behind you here, are friends whom nothing upon earth can ever estrange from you. Remember this, Eleanor."

"Yes, yes, dear, dear Signora."

"If I could have gone with her to the station, I shouldn't have cared so much," Richard murmured despondently, "but the laws of Spavin and Cromshaw are as the laws of Draco. If I don't get on with the Swiss chalet and moonlit Alpine peaks, the new piece can't come out on Monday."

So poor Eleanor went to the station alone, and was overcharged by the cabman who carried the two trunks which Richard had neatly addressed to Miss Vincent, Hazlewood, Berks.

She was received by a civil porter, who took charge of her luggage while she went to the waiting-room to look for the stranger who was to be her escort.

She was no more a coquette than she had

been nearly two years before, when she travelled alone between London and Paris, and she was prepared to accept the services of this stranger quite as frankly as she had accepted the care and protection of the elderly gentleman who had taken charge of her upon that occasion.

But how was she to recognize the stranger. She could not walk up to every gentleman in the waiting-room, to ask him if he were Mr. Monckton.

She had in almost all her wanderings travelled in second-class carriages, and waited in second-class waiting-rooms. She shrank back, therefore, rather timidly upon the threshold of the spacious carpeted saloon, and looked a little nervously at the occupants of that gorgeous chamber. There was a group of ladies near the fire-place, and two or three gentlemen in different parts of the room. One of these gentlemen was a little man with gray hair and a red face; the other was very young and very sandy; the third was a tall man of about forty, with close-cut black hair, and a square massive face and head, not exactly a handsome face, perhaps, but a countenance not easily to be overlooked.

This tall man was standing near one of the windows, reading a newspaper. He looked up as Eleanor pushed open the swinging door.

"I wonder which of them is Mr. Monckton," she thought. "Not that fidgetty young man with the red hair, I hope."

While she still stood doubtfully upon the threshold, hesitating what to do—she little knew what a pretty picture she made in that timid, fluttering attitude—the tall man threw down his newspaper upon the sofa beside him, and walked across the room to where she stood.

"Miss Vincent, I believe?" he said.

Eleanor blushed at the sound of that false name, and then bent her head in reply to the question. She could not say yes. She could not fall into this disagreeable falsehood all at once.

"I am Mrs. Darrell's friend and legal adviser, Mr. Monckton," the gentleman said quietly, "and I shall be very happy to perform the duty she has entrusted to me. We are in very good time, Miss Vincent. I know that young ladies are generally *ultra* punctual upon these occasions, and I came very early in order to anticipate you, if possible."

Eleanor did not speak. She was looking furtively at the face of Mrs. Darrell's friend and legal adviser. A good and wise adviser, Miss Vane thought; for the face, not strictly handsome, seemed to bear in its every feature the stamp of three qualities—goodness, wisdom, and strength.

"I am sure he is very good," she thought, "but I would not like to offend him for the world, for though he looks so kind now, I know he must be terrible when he's angry."

She looked almost fearfully at the strongly-marked black eyebrows, thinking what a stormy darkness must overshadow the massive face when they contracted over the grave, brown eyes—serious and earnest eyes, but with a latent fire lurking somewhere in their calm depths, Eleanor thought.

The girl's mind rambled on thus while she stood by the stranger's side in the sunlit window. Already the blankness of her new life was broken by this prominent figure standing boldly out upon its very threshold. Already she was learning to be interested in new people.

"He isn't a bit like a lawyer," she thought; "I fancied lawyers were always shabby old men, with blue bags. The men who used to come to Chelsea after papa, were always nasty disagreeable men, with papers about the Queen and Richard Roe."

Mr. Monckton looked thoughtfully down at the girl by his side. There was a vein of silent poetry, and there were dim glimpses of artistic feeling hidden somewhere in the nature of this man, very far below the hard, business-like exterior which he presented to the world. He felt a quiet pleasure in looking at Eleanor's young beauty. It was her youthfulness, perhaps, her almost childlike innocence, which made her greatest charm. Her face was not that of a common beauty; her aquiline nose, gray eyes, and firmly-moulded mouth had a certain air of queenliness very rarely to be seen; but the youth of the soul shining out of the clear eyes was visible in every glance, in every change of expression.

"Do you know much of Berkshire, Miss Vincent?" the lawyer asked, presently.

"Oh, no, I have never been there."

"You are very young, and I daresay have never left home before?" Mr. Monckton said. He was wondering that no relative or friend had accompanied the girl to the station.

"I have been at school," Eleanor answered; "but I have never been away from home before—to—to get my own living."

"I thought not. Your papa and mamma must be very sorry to lose you."

"I have neither father nor mother."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Monckton; "that's strange."

Then, after a pause, he said, in a low voice:

"I think the young lady you are going to will like you all the better for that."

"Why?" Eleanor asked involuntarily.

"Because she has never known either father or mother."

"Poor girl!" murmured Eleanor, "they are both dead, then?"

The lawyer did not answer this question. He was so far professional, even in his conversation with Miss Vane, that he asked a great many more questions than he answered.

"Do you like going to Hazlewood, Miss Vincent?" he said, by-and-by, rather abruptly.

"Not very much."

"Why not?"

"Because I am leaving very dear friends to go to—"

"Strangers, who may ill treat you, eh?" muttered Mr. Monckton. "You need have no apprehension of that sort of thing, I assure you, Miss Vincent. Mrs. Darrell is rather rigid in her ideas of life; she has had her disappointments, poor soul, and you must be patient with her: but Laura Mason, the young lady who is to be your companion, is the gentlest and most affectionate girl in Christendom, I should think. She is a sort of ward of mine, and her future life is in my hands; a very heavy responsibility, Miss Vincent; she will have plenty of money by-and-by——houses, and horses, and carriages, and servants, and all the outer paraphernalia of happiness: but Heaven knows if she will be happy, poor girl. She has never known either mother or father. She has lived with all manner of respectable matrons, who have promised to do a mother's duty to her, and have tried to do it, I daresay; but she has never had a mother, Miss Vincent. I am always sorry for her when I think of that."

The lawyer sighed heavily, and his thoughts seemed to wander away from the young lady in his charge. He stood still at the window, looking out at the bustle on the platform, but not seeing it, I think, and took no further notice of Eleanor until the bell rang for the starting of the train.

"Come, Miss Vincent," he said, rousing himself suddenly from his reverie; "I have forgotten all about your ticket. I'll put you into a carriage, and then send a porter for it."

Mr. Monckton scarcely spoke to his companion half-a-dozen times during the brief journey to Slough. He sat with a newspaper before him, but Eleanor noticed that he never turned its leaves, and once, when she caught a glimpse of the lawyer's face, she saw that it wore the same gloomy and abstracted expression that she had observed upon it as Mr. Monckton stood in the window of the waiting room.

"He must be very fond of his ward," she thought, "or he could never be so sorry because she has no mother. I thought lawyers were hard, cruel, men, who cared for nothing in the world. I always used to fancy my sister Hortensia ought to have been a lawyer."

By-and-by, as they drew very near to the station, Mr. Monckton dropped his newspaper with another sigh, and turning to Eleanor, said, in a low, confidential voice:

"I hope you will be very good to Laura Mason, Miss Vincent. Remember that she stands quite alone in the world; and that however friendless, however desolate you may be—I say this because you tell me you are an orphan—you can never be so friendless or so desolate as she is."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THINGS WORTH FORGETTING.

It is almost frightful, and altogether humiliating, to think how much there is in the common on-going of domestic and social life, which deserves nothing but to be instantly and forever forgotten. Yet it is equally amusing how large a class seem to have no other business but to repeat and perpetuate these very things. That is the vocation of gossips—an order of society that perpetuates more mischief than all the combined plagues of Egypt together. You may have noticed how many speeches there are, which become mischievous by being heard a second time; and what an army of both sexes are sworn to see to it, that the fatal repetition shall be had. Blessed is that man or woman that can let drop all the burrs and thistles, instead of picking them up, and fastening them to the next passenger? Would we only let the vexing and malicious sayings die, how fast the lacerated and scandal ridden world would get healed and tranquilized.

☞ Canadian officials are growing quite independent. The Speaker of the Assembly recently refused to kneel before the representative of her Majesty, in presenting the address. Though told that the Speaker of the British House of Commons did so, he said he would resign first.

☞ Living is cheap in Japan. You can buy a first class house for thirty dollars; hire a servant for fifty cents a month, and live comfortably for two cents a day, or fourteen cents a week. What a country for young married people to set up housekeeping in! But then every people have their little peculiarities, and that of the Japanese is obliging a man to rip himself open on very slight provocation. On the whole it will hardly pay to emigrate to Japan.

☞ He who asked the daughter's hand and got the father's foot, had the consolation of knowing that his wooing was not bootless.

☞ A young man relating the account of a disaster that happened on board a smack, where he happened to be, said, "while he was climbing up the long stick of wood in front of the vessel, he got tangled in the twine."

NOTES FROM THE CAPITAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. JANE G. SWISSHELM.

Early in March, 1862, Mrs. Jaynes, of Philadelphia, whose husband is an Examiner in the Patent Office, called upon Mrs. Kelsey, wife of Hon. G. M. Kelsey, of Illinois, now Clerk in the Treasury Department, and stated that something must be done for the destitute contrabands then pouring into Washington. They started, on the instant, with a subscription paper. Senator Pomeroy, of Kansas, headed it with a donation of five dollars, telling them they could have more as it was required.

Senator Davis, of Kentucky, although disapproving of the dark emigration, gave five. Many eminent men to whom they applied, condemned their project in toto. It was the business of the Government to take care of contrabands, private charity could accomplish nothing. One Senator thought these emigrants should go on to Pennsylvania, and take the place of the laborers who had gone to the war; but these two brave women talked one "grave and reverend signor" after another over to see the necessity for some immediate action to prevent suffering which would be shocking to humanity, while plans were maturing. They thus called attention to the matter, awakened a very extended interest, and collected over two hundred dollars, in cash. Supplies of old clothing and broken food were sent or tendered. They purchased coarse cloth, cut out garments, enlisted the aid of other women, and inaugurated a new field of effort.

About the time they started, Mrs. Senator Hale, without knowing anything of their labors, made collections for the same object. But, she was about to leave the city; and, hearing of their labors, brought her collection to them. Here were a company of Dorcases, feeding the hungry, and clothing the naked. There were no politics in it, for men and women of all opinions, and all styles of prejudices, have united here in relieving the many forms of human suffering caused by war; and if there ever was any *one* thing connected with this national struggle which might have been left to the women to manage, this surely was it.

But American men excel in the active virtues, and have a profound conviction that their sphere is the minute and every nook and cranny in it. So on the 11th of April, C—— and some gentlemen called a meeting, met, made speeches, adopted a Constitution, elected a President, Vice Presidents, Secretary, and Board of Managers; passed resolutions, and said their prayers, and so organized "The Freedman's Relief Association."

Our Dorcases, with genuine, feminine humility, handed their funds over to the Association; and were, in return, appointed a Committee to carry out the objects of the society. Henceforth they collected old clothes, distributed flannel skirts and made pinafores by authority.

On the 11th inst., the anniversary of the Association was held in Temperance Hall, a place devoted to dancing schools, and other benevolent objects. Prayers were said, speeches were made, a new set of officers were elected, and a report of the society read and adopted. In this report there was not one word about the woman who began, and in great measure, carried on the work. An opportunity was offered for any one present to become a member of the Association, by subscribing to the constitution and paying two dollars. A sprucc lawyer brought the paper to one of the two founders of the institution and asked her to join.

The report read stated that Government furnishes rations and quarters, *i. e.*, food and lodging and medical attendance to the objects of this charity, so that the labors of the Association consist in aiding the able-bodied to find employment, and in supplying clothing, books, and instruction. It says that ten thousand of this class of persons are now supporting themselves in this District; that scarce one in a thousand could be induced to go further north; that three thousand are in the camp at Alexandria, and one thousand here, which last number consists of sick and infirm, of women with small children, and children without protectors. All of which appears to point to this as a business which could properly have been attended to by women.

No doubt the men engaged in this matter and other charitable objects connected with the war, are very good men, and actuated by excellent motives; but if women can do nothing to aid our national struggle, the fact should be understood, and orators should cease their appeals to their patriotism. If they *can* do anything, what is it, if not to collect and administer the charities which the horrors of war render necessary?

Those writers who record the trials and triumphs of successful schoolmarms, all agree that the ruffian of the school invariably becomes the model scholar upon being suddenly invested with the responsibility of keeping order in the institution. What is good for contumacious boys, might not be bad for—ahem—well—women who are to be instructed in the way they should go.

If those earnest men who think Northern women are not as enthusiastically patriotic as they might be, would just try these erring women with a little responsibility, it might work a change for the better. One has a right to believe this, from the fact that, when brought face to face with a *responsibility*, they generally know what to do, and do it. When our soldiers were driven in from the battle of Bull Run, and lay famishing, dying over the muddy streets of Washington, ladies laid off their hoops, turned up their dresses, rolled up their sleeves; and, side by side with poor black men and women, carried baskets of provisions, and pitchers or cans of coffee, knelt in the mud and rain, to pour refreshments down the throats of those who were too weak to help themselves; and with buckets of water and cloths washed the mud from wounds and bound them up; and bathed and rubbed the swollen limbs and feet, powerless from days of forced marching. In this case there was no Society—no organized Association of masculine overseers to stand between them and their work; and whenever they are brought to see something to do, they do it willingly. But, so long as your Sanitary Commissions and Relief Associations are exclusively under the management of men, so long are women left without that sense of responsibility which is the great incentive to human activity.

A National Convention of Women is to be held in New York soon, to consider what women should do to aid our national struggle. The best they can do is, nothing, and plenty of it, until some field of labor is assigned them by those who brought on the struggle and have assumed its management. Any effort is likely to be met as meddlesome and intrusive; and nothing can be gained by going out in search of employment. Let each cultivate quietly that love of country which will make a required sacrifice easy, or at least practicable; but "the white male citizens" of the North have not yet felt the war burdensome, and until they do they will look with jealous distrust on all offers of assistance from other classes of inhabitants.

Some of them, it is true, have suggested that women should form "Onion Leagues," and go to raising vegetables for the army. The idea meets with favor amongst patriotic editors; and it is probable that the Chickahominy spades, now no longer needed, may be distributed among "the fair daughters of Eve," and they be set to work in the onion trenches. Of course there will be male overseers appointed to mark out the beds, distribute to each laborer the proper amount and quality of seed, collect statistics of the quantity raised, keep the accounts, receive and distribute the proceeds, after disposing of as much as may be necessary to pay expenses of oversight and the salaries of the officers, whose duty it shall be to make official reports as to the success of the experiment of employing onion brigades; and, on the result will depend the decision of the question of permitting women to raise onions next year. The ladies, it is to be hoped, will bestir themselves in this new field of labor assigned them by American gallantry. As it is probable they will still be allowed to aid in collecting old baby linen and flannel shirts, in making aprons, nightgowns, slippers, &c., for the officers of various benevolent organizations to distribute, there will be no great lack of business for all, and no occasion for holding conventions to devise work.

It is pitiable to see the many women who come here on bootless errands—the desire to see a sick husband or brother, or father or son, and the bitter disappointment on being unable to get to him. The feeling that some dear one can be discharged from service, in some circumstance of distress, costs many an expensive journey. It is hard for women to give up the idea of some influence in personal entreaty. They cannot realize that a case of distress which to their vision darkens all the heavens, may be a mere speck, or invisible, to the gaze of the official whose decision is to them as of life or death.

It is perhaps well that men have less of that strong sympathy which makes women's life so much one of feeling. They would be very unfit to fill their present idea of official duty if they were readily moved by sights and sounds of sorrow. It is well for those who may think of costly efforts to obtain discharges for friends in cases of affliction, to know that it is now impossible, except for the personal incapacity of the soldier himself. This rule sometimes appears stern in its operation, but probably it is necessary.

An application of this nature was lately made on behalf of an aged clergyman, in one of the northern counties of Pennsylvania, a man generally known over several counties, and unusually beloved—one who for forty years has preached in the same congregation besides itinerating extensively and founding several congregations. At the breaking out of the war he had two sons and three daughters. The eldest had been educated for, and designed adopting his father's profession, but volunteered as a private soldier. Within a few weeks the son at home died, after a lingering illness, of consumption. A few days after, the eldest daughter died. The father, now seventy years of age, became dangerously ill, and his mental powers gave way to a degree very distressing, while his physicians looked upon his days as numbered and short. The second daughter was also alarmingly ill, and the sympathetic community concluded that the son in the army should be restored to his sorrow-stricken home. *There* the case appeared one of such peculiar nature as only to require presentation; but *here* it was dismissed, without a moment's hesitation, as—one of thousands, one in which the application for a short furlough was an offence.

Decisions of this kind are not unfrequent, and those who believe that cases of hardship may find sympathy by visits of solicitation to headquarters had better count the costs of journey and small probability of success.

For the past two weeks there has been three days of dry weather for every two of rain, and the mud is stiffening. The peach trees are in bloom, and the grass in the public squares luxuriously green.

Gen. Jackson still sits on his powerful rampant charger in the midst of Lafayette square; and the wonder of that miracle of art still grows. That immense bronze casting, weighing enough to crush anything but a bed of solid masonry, poised upon the hind legs of the horse as perfectly as a living animal could balance himself and rider; and there standing and to stand, apparently for centuries, so naturally, so easily, that one might look for hours without a sense of weariness—without any feeling that the position was one of strain or effort—it surely is an ever-increasing wonder.

The merit of Clark Mills' statues is their ease of position, the perfect poise with which the centre of gravity is preserved, and the sense of rest conveyed by his most breathing figure. His Goddess of Liberty, designed for the dome of the capitol, stands as though sitting would be no rest and reclining was forever unnecessary—as if standing were her business, her recreation, and her choice. To most standing figures one feels, after looking at them a few moments, like offering a chair, but this one excites admiration alone, never pity or a feeling of unrest.

Many fear that its great weight may crush the dome when placed in the position for which it was designed. The fear is not wholly groundless, for the placing of so great a mass of metal on a hollow wall pierced by a lattice-work of windows, and at such an immense height, must be something of an experiment. The foundation walls of the twelve story Edinburgh houses are eighteen feet thick, and if this is necessary in a dwelling when the weight of the wall is rapidly diminished with each ascending story, and the entire structure is bound together by cross walls, it would appear nearly if not quite impossible to carry up a hollow, circular dome of stone filagree work to such a height above all collateral support, and give it sufficient strength to bear such a weight. A fac-simile in wood or hollow plaster would appear quite as well, and might ward off a crash very terrible in its results, while the genuine casting as a rare work of art could be better appreciated at a nearer view on a suitable pedestal where she stands to guard the entrance to the national Halls.

P. S. "Notes" number one show the great disadvantage under which eastern publishers and typos labor in residing so far from Minnesota. Had the compositors of THE POST lived in the North Star state every one of them would have known that it is a tepee which a squaw carries when she changes her place of residence. It is sometimes spelled teepee, and if it was so in the manuscript they thus easily read it "tupu" as it appears. A tepee is an Indian house and so nearly resembles, in form, a suspended hooped skirt that Indians have been known, on first seeing a woman in hoops to become almost excited and exclaim,

"See tepee. See tepee! Big tepee, little tepee!"

One of the favorite pleasantries of the savages, during the late massacres, was to don hoop skirts, and dance and yell "tepee, tepee."

☞ They have an odd way, it would seem, of complimenting actors at the New Orleans theatres, under the new *regime*. It was not always so. We read that one James Campbell, who mistook a bunch of carrots for a boquet, which he threw on the stage of the Varieties, was sent to prison for ten days. He laid all the blame on the nigger boy that sold him the boquet, and in his haste he did not discover whether they were carrots or camelias.

☞ Funeral-bells are the door-bells of the other world, and gravestones mark the boundary line between this and that.

☞ The following is a genuine transcript of an epitaph:—"Here lies the remains of Thomas Wood*hen*—the most amiable of husbands, the most excellent of men. N. B.—The name is wood*cock*, but it would not come in rhyme."

☞ A young lady in company with a prelate, consented, after a long and coy resistance, to be led to the piano. When she sang, it was so badly, that, as she finished, no one was found with sufficient heroism to express to the fair executant the collective thanks of the audience. In this strait his lordship arose, and crossing the room, said, with his sweetest smile, "Thank you, Miss Smith, very particularly. Another time, when you say you can't sing, we shall all know how to believe you."

☞ Western presiding elder, boasting of the ample provision made for preachers in his district, said he had left the parsonage of A—— while a donation was going on, where he saw 1,700 feet of sausages, which had been brought in, and it was coming when he left.

DEATH FROM A CAT.—A very curious case recently was brought to the notice of Coroner Ranney in New York. A young child, some eighteen months old, was found dead by its mother, a Mrs. Kleinhen, in its bed this morning. The infant was apparently well and hearty when put to sleep a few hours before. The Coroner's jury, after hearing testimony, gave it as their opinion that the babe had come to its death by being "*overlaid by a cat, and its breath drawn by that animal.*" A little girl, it appears, saw the cat on the child's breast, with his nose to his mouth. She drove it off, but it is presumed the beast again returned, and remained until life was extinct.

☞ Fifty years ago, Alderman Wood, previously Lord Mayor of London, was among the many English visiting Paris. The worthy alderman, resolving to come out strong in the language of that country, ordered a hundred visiting cards, inscribed upon them *L' Alderman Wood, feu Lord Maire de Londres*, and largely distributed them among people of rank, quite ignorant that the word *feu*, which he too freely translated "late," actually meant "deceased."

☞ Since sugar has advanced they make confectionary from globules of plaster of Paris, coated with sugar. It would take just a quarter of a pound to kill a child in twenty-four hours. Plaster of Paris in that form sells at twenty-five and thirty cents a pound.

☞ Here is an instance of wickedness for severe reprobation:—The Springfield Republican says the man who proposed putting a shovelful of manure in the grave of every person buried in the sterile soil of Cape Cod, so that the quickened bodies might have a chance of coming up at the last day, is now out with a new yeast powder, which he is confident will make the negroes rise.

☞ FERGUSON, THE POET, DIED OF STARVATION.—A splendid monument adorns his grave, and on it is written, "He asked for bread and ye gave him a stone." The finest sarcasm ever uttered.

☞ Brazil now produces for exportation nearly half the coffee of the world.

☞ Some of our steamboats on the Mississippi are to be clad in cotton. The rams would be best in wool.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1863.

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Publishers of THE POST take pleasure in announcing that their literary arrangements for the coming year are of a character to warrant them in promising a feast of good things to their thousands of readers. Among the contributors to THE POST we may now mention the following distinguished authors:—

MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "THE EARL'S HEIRS," "EAST LYNNE," "THE CHANNINGS," &c.

MARION HARLAND,

Author of "ALONE," "THE HIDDEN PATH," "MIRIAM," &c.

AND

VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND,

Whose Domestic Sketches are so greatly admired.

During the coming year THE POST will endeavor to maintain its high reputation for CHOICE STORIES, SKETCHES and POETRY. Special Departments shall also be devoted as heretofore to AGRICULTURE, WIT AND HUMOR, RECEIPTS, NEWS, MARKETS, &c.

TERMS: CASH IN ADVANCE.

1 copy, one year,	$2.00
4 copies, one year,	6.00
8 copies, one year, (and one to the getter-up of the club,)	12.00
20 copies, one year, (and one to the getter-up of the club,)	28.00

A SPLENDID PREMIUM.

WHO WANTS A SEWING MACHINE?

To any one sending thirty subscriptions and $60, we will give one of Wheeler & Wilson's celebrated Sewing Machines, such as they sell for $45. The machine will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, *with the exception of freight.*

In procuring the subscribers for this Premium, we of course prefer that the 30 subscribers should be procured independently of each other, at the regular terms of $2,00 for each subscriber. Where this cannot be done, the subscribers may be procured at any of our club rates, and the balance of the $60 forwarded to us in cash by the person desiring the machine. The subscribers may be obtained at different Post-offices.

Every person collecting names for the Sewing Machine Premium, should send the names with the money as fast as obtained, so that the subscribers may begin at once to receive their papers, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole number of names (30), and whole amount of money ($60), is received, the machine will be duly forwarded.

☞ Sample copies of THE POST sent gratis.

Address

DEACON & PETERSON,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philada.

P. S.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it for their editorial columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

SANITARY COMMISSION DEPARTMENT

A Cry From The Battle-Field.

During the long pause of suspense, while waiting for the inevitable battles of this Spring, the interest and activity of our benevolent people army-ward have been greatly on the wane. The first enthusiasm, which incited men to generous giving and women to be overflowing in good works, has grown cold. We have become accustomed to the thought of war. No moving tales of special suffering have stirred us lately. The soldiers in our thinned hospitals are comfortable, and kindly cared for. In truth, we are very prosperous here at home, and much at ease, and settled down upon our loss. But now a cry comes up into our ears from off the battle-field. Strong crying of sorrow and anguish. Awaken, pitiful hearts! Arise up ye that sit at ease! It is time to give and to work. Let us picture to ourselves those sorrowful scenes about Fredericksburg; our brothers lying alone upon the cold ground, bleeding their lives away, with the fever-thirst of wounds upon them, crying out unheard for water; waiting terrible hours, days even, for the mercies of the surgeon's knife, while their wounds turn to gangrene. Let us picture it as of our sons, our husbands, and then resolve what we will do. We cannot all flock to the battle-field to minister to the sufferers, but all can strengthen the hands and extend the power of tried and experienced ministers by giving freely of their goods and money.

The most extended agency for such relief, the longest in the field, best known and proven, is the U. S. Sanitary Commission. Read the record of its works of mercy at Antietam, at Murfreesboro', during all that terrible Peninsula campaign, and elsewhere, and then make haste to put it in its power to repeat like deeds. Never were its coffers so empty, and never were its demands so great as now. This day—before lying down in comfortable beds this night—let every man, every woman, resolve what of their superfluity—what of their comforts—what even of their finery—they can give to alleviate that great cry of suffering which comes from the Rappahannock.

A Member
Of the Women's Pennsylvania Branch.

"What they Have to Do who Stay at Home."

There is no time, when relief has a tithe of the value that it has when presented immediately after a battle. In the recent campaign in Maryland, the agents of the Commission, more than once, were distributing from its stores to the wounded on the field, while engagements were yet in progress; and within three days after the battle of Antietam, more than forty of its chosen agents were on the ground, systematically employed in the same duty; and succor, in one form or another, had been extended by them to *eight thousand* sufferers.

It may be said with confidence, that all the goods which the Commission were able to bring upon this battle field were made, in their life-saving power, a hundred fold more valuable than they would have been if they had been thrown into other channels, and delivered with only the usual advantages of those who operate independently of the Commission.

The Commission has been censured for attempting to accumulate supplies, and for holding them in reserve at a distance from the seat of war, and gifts have been withheld from it on this account, and sent to those who were eager to bestow them with thoughtless liberality wherever a soldier could be found disabled for a time from duty. Nothing can be more certain than that had all taken this course, the lives of hundreds of brave men, each dear to some fireside, would have been lost at Antietam, which have now been saved. This will not be regarded as an extravagant statement when it is known that there were thirty regiments of one State alone, which went into this battle absolutely without the smallest particle of medical or surgical stores in the hands of their surgeons; that the Government supplies sent out for their relief did not reach the ground till the third day after the battle, and that one of the largest of the field hospitals was provided by the Commission, not only with subsistence stores, bedding, clothing, and medicine, but for several days with the only medical attendance which the patients in it received.

Let the full meaning of this be felt, and let it be remembered that, in what was done here, every contributor to the treasury or the stores of the Commission had part, as much as if the aid thus given had been tendered in person to the sufferers on the field; perhaps even more so, for, placed in the hands of men instructed and trained how best to use it, each gift received a value which it might not have had in the hands of the contributor. It will be seen, then, that in proportion as the principle of Union is adhered to, in the bestowment of these gifts, their value is increased, and that in every departure from this principle there is a waste of that which may otherwise be to the saving of life.

The impulse may be a natural one which seeks to know even the individual person upon whom our gifts are bestowed, and to give them by the hands of some friend or neighbor; but it must be obvious that it is, to say the least, a higher form of benevolence and of patriotism which asks only to have a reasonable assurance that the soldiers of the Union will be helped by our offerings, when and where they most need our help, and that it is only by the exercise of this larger benevolence that measures of relief can be taken at all adequate to the necessities of the army, or commensurate with the grandeur of its purposes.

Associate Managers of the Women's Pennsylvania Branch.

The Board of Managers of the W. P. B., appointed, at their last meeting, the following Associate Managers:

Mrs. Samuel Leiper and Miss Felton, Delaware county; Mrs. Hiester, West Chester, Chester county; Miss Sarah N. Walker, Montrose, Susquehanna county; Miss Lucy E. Moore, Wellsboro', Tioga county; Mrs. J. H. Barton, Lock Haven, Clinton county; Mrs. Mary Bullock, Mauch Chunk, Carbon county; Mrs. Rachel B. Evans, Norristown, Montgomery county; Mrs. H. E. Little, Tunkhannock, Wyoming county; Mrs. P. A. Eyster, Harrisburg, Dauphin county.

The Women's Pennsylvania Branch U. S. Sanitary Commission acknowledges the receipt, during the month of April, of the following boxes, barrels, and packages:

1 box and 1 barrel, Montrose, Susqn. co.; 2 pkgs. Church of Saviour, West Phila.; 1 box Orwigsburg, Schk. co.; 1 box books for camp convalescent; 1 pkg., Union Sewing Asso., Phila.; 2 bbls., Ladies' Union Aid, Haverford, Del. co.; 1 box, Central Aid Society, West Chester, Ches. co.; 1 box, Ladies' Aid Society, Woodbury, N. J.; 1 box, Sanitary Sewing Circle, 2d Unitarian So., Phila.; 1 pkg., Miss Coleman, Phila.; 1 pkg., Mrs. R. W. Leaming, Phila.; 1 box, Ladies' Relief Asso., Chester, Del. co.; 3 pkgs., Medora Fizell, Phila.; 2 boxes, Soldiers' Relief, Bordentown, N. J.; "A Lady," 6 shirts, 6 pairs drawers; Mrs. J. F. Tobias, Phila.; 1 box bay rum, Ladies' Aid, Wrightstown, Bucks co., 3 boxes; 1 pkg., Miss Duncan, Phila.; 1 pkg., Mrs. Peterson's So., Phila.; 1 trunk, Soldiers' Relief, Bethlehem; 3 bottles lemon juice, Mrs. Pascal, Kingsessing; 1 pr. yarn socks, Miss A. Bradford, Phila.; 20 bdgs., Mrs. Conezga Paul, Phila.; 3 pillows, Mrs. Alex. Henry, Phila.; 3 prs. woolen socks, Mrs. Dr. C. Meigs; 5 prs. woolen socks, Mrs. Fred. Pepper, Phila.; 3 prs. woolen socks, Mrs. Ferd. Coxe, Phila.; 1 box Ladies' Aid, Pottstown, Mont. co.; 2 pkgs., Sewing and Relief So., 1st Pres. Ch., Phila.; 1 pkg., Soldiers' Relief Asso., Holy Trin. Ch., Phila.; 1 pkg. jelly, Mrs. J. Fallon, Phila.; 1 box Ladies' Aid, Media, Del. co.; 1 box, Unionville Aid, Lehigh co.; 1 pkg., Union Sewing Asso., Phila.; 38 woolen shirts, Mrs. Peterson's So.; 1 pkg., Mrs. Wm. Hollingsworth, Phila.; 1 box, Chester Co. Central Aid, West Chester; 1 pkg., Mrs. Peterson's So., Phila.; 1 pkg., Mrs. Geo. Pitt, Phila.; 6 pkgs., Epis. Hospital, Phila.; 2 pkgs., Aux. St. Mark's Lutheran, Phila.; 1 pkgs., Soldiers' Aid Ch. of Saviour, West Phila.; 1 box, Woman's Aid So., Leba. co.; 1 pkg. Evan. Sewing So., Phila.; 1 box, Ladies' Aid, Mullica Hill, N. J.; 2 prs. socks, Miss Wood, Phila.; 1 pr. socks, Mrs. Meigs; 1 pkg. sheets, Mrs. B. H. Moore; 1 pkg. oatmeal, stranger; 1 box, Soldiers' Aid, Allentown, Lehigh co.; 1 pkg., Soldiers' Aid, Boxborough, Phila. co.; 1 pkg., Young Ladies' Aid, Phila.; 1 box, Ladies' Aid So., Blackwoodtown, N. J.; 3 jars pickles, Mrs. S. S. Merrick, Phila.; 3 prs. socks, Mrs. McConnell, Phila.; 2 boxes, St. Martien's Ch., Marcus Hook, Del.; 3 boxes, Mrs. Corbin and Miss Ogilby, Harrisburg; 1 pkg., All Saints' Ch., Phila.; 1 box, Ladies' Aid, Lynn, Susqn. co.; 1 pkg., "A Lady," per Miss Mayer; 1 box, Patriot Daugh. Lib. Lan. co.; 3 bgs. dried fruit, do.; 1 box, Ladies' Aid, Hazelton, Luzerne co.; 1 pkg., St. John's Lutheran, Phila.; 1 pkg., Miss Ellen Stone, Phila.; 2 bbls., Hillside Aid, Kingston; 1 box, Relief Asso., Great Bend; 1 box, Miss Julia Lewis, Phila.; 1 pkg., Mrs. Jos. Lea, Phila.; 1 pkg., Mrs. J. Clark Hare, Phila.; 1 pkg., "A Lady," large lot clothing, North-West. Soldiers' Aid, Phila.; 1 pkg. slippers, Miss Stevens, Princeton, N. J.; 3 kegs pickles, "A Friend," per Miss Mayer, Phila.; 1 pkg., Miss Blanchard, Phila.; 1 pkg. woolen shirts, Woman's Contrib. Aid, Moyamensing; 1 bbl. and 1 keg, Montrose, Susqn. co.; 1 keg, Miss Stella, West Phila.; stockings, Mrs. W. H. Furness, Phila.; 1 box, Norris., Mont. co.; 1 pkg. shirts and woolen wrappers, Miss Bohlen; 1 box oranges and lemons, C. Cordelia Weaver, Colebrookdale, Pa.; 1 bbl. clothing and delicacies, Burlington, N. J.; 1 pkg., Union Sewing Asso., Phila.; 2 boxes and 1 pkg., Ladies' Aid So., Emmanuel Ch., Holmesburg.

Hereafter we shall acknowledge every week.

☞ Homes in the West.—The comparatively new States of Illinois, Iowa, Michigan and Wisconsin are now being rapidly populated, they say, by crowds of fugitives from the war-desolated scenes of Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee and Missouri.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market for Flour continues dull and unsettled. About 6000 bbls only found buyers, mostly for export, at $5,75@6,25 for common and good superfine, and the latter rather scarce; $6,25@7 for common North-west and good Ohio and Pennsylvania extras; $6,50@7,50 for Chicago and Ohio family, and $8 for fancy Ohio. The sales to the trade are also moderate within the same range of prices, and $8,00@9 ₽ bbl for high grade fancies, as in quality. Rye Flour is less inquired for, and selling slowly at $5 ₽ bbl. Corn Meal is scarce, with small sales of Pennsylvania at $4,25; Brandywine is held at $4,37½.

GRAIN—There has been some little demand for Wheat for shipment; sales reach about 33,000 bus, in lots, at $1,65@1,70 for fair to good and prime Pennsylvania reds, mostly at the latter rate, and $1,80 to $1,85 for white, choice lots are scarce and held higher. Rye comes in slowly, and Pennsylvania sells freely at $1,06. Corn is unchanged, and some 20,000 bus yellow sold at 90@92c, mostly at the former rate; damp at 88c, and white at 91c. Oats are steady, with further sales of 25,000 bus Pennsylvania at 80@82c, weight, chiefly at the latter figure for good lots. Barley is quiet. Of Barley Malt a sale of 2000 bus was made at $1,65, 60 days.

PROVISIONS continue dull and neglected, and Mess Pork is quoted at $15@15½ ₽ bbl for Western and city packed. Beef is steady, but very quiet at $12@14 for Mess, the latter for city packed, with sales of 200 bbls of the former at $13,75. Bacon moves off slowly, the demand being confined to Hams at 10@12c for plain and fancy cured. Of Green Meats, the sales are moderate at 8½@9c for Hams, in pickle; 7¼@7½c for salt do, and 5@5½c for Shoulders. Lard is unsaleable and offered at 10½c for prime Western tierce, and 11½@12c for kegs; country ranges at 9½@10c ₽ lb. Butter is dull and lower, and the demand for Roll is limited at 15@18c. Cheese is but little inquired for, and held at 10@12c ₽ lb, as in quality. Eggs are unsettled and lower, and quoted at 12@13c ₽ dozen.

COTTON—The market has been unsettled and dull; a few small sales only are reported at 63@65c, cash, the latter for middlings.

ASHES are inactive, and both kinds without any alteration in prices or demand.

BARK is wanted, with but little Quercitron arriving, and all offered, some 50@100 hhds Ist No 1, was taken at $35 ₽ ton, at which rate it is in good demand. Of Tanners' Bark the receipts and sales are light, and the market firm.

BEESWAX is scarce and held above the views of buyers, who offer 45@46c for good yellow.

COAL—Prices are unsettled and tending upward, with a good demand to go East.

COFFEE—The market is steady and firm, with sales of about 1500 bags, mostly Rio, within the range of 31@32½c, on time, including Laguayra at 33c, Jamaica at 31c, and St Domingo at 29c, cash.

COPPER is dull and prices nominal. Of Yellow Metal sales are making at 30c for Sheets and 32c for Bolts, on time.

FEATHERS move off slowly at 40@43c ₽ lb, the latter for good Western.

FRUIT is dull, and Dried Apples and Peaches nominally unchanged. A sale of 10,000 lbs of the latter is reported at 8@8½c ₽ lb for prime halves.

HAY is scarce and high, and prices range at from $1 to $1,30 the 100 lbs, the latter for good Timothy.

HEMP—There is little or no stock here, and the market is dull and unsettled.

HOPS are but little inquired for, and selling in a small way at 28@35c for Eastern and Western.

IRON—The market for Pig Metal continues almost at a stand still, the sales being limited to a few small lots at $33@36 the three numbers. Of Manufactured Iron the prices are steady, and the demand mostly confined to Bars and Rails, at previous quotations.

LEAD—The stock is light and the market quiet but firm at 9c ₽ lb for Galena.

LUMBER is in good demand and the receipts moderate, owing to the high water. White Pine Boards are selling at $21@23; Yellow Sap do $20@22; Lehigh raft lumber $10; Lehigh Boards $12@13, and White Pine Shingles at $18@24 ₽ M, as to quality.

MOLASSES—The firmness of holders limits operations, and the sales are confined to a few small lots Cuba and New Orleans at very full rates.

PLASTER is less active, and soft is quoted at $3@3,25 ₽ ton.

RICE—There is little or no stock here, and about 150 bags sold, to come from another market, at 7¾@8c ₽ lb.

SEEDS—There is little or nothing doing; we quote Cloverseed nominally at $5@5,50, Timothy $1,75@2, and Flaxseed at $3,25@3,50 ₽ bus.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin are firm. N E Rum is steady at 65@67c. Whiskey is unchanged, bbls selling moderately at 45@46c for Penna and Ohio, hhds at 45c, and drudge at about 44c.

SUGARS are in good demand at fully former rates, about 700 hhds Cuba have been disposed of at 10¾@11c, on time.

TALLOW is selling moderately at 11@11¼c ₽ lb for Western and City Rendered, and 10¾@10¾c for country.

TOBACCO—There is little or nothing doing in either Leaf or Manufactured.

WOOL—The market continues almost at a stand still. We quote Fleece nominally at 80@90c, the latter for fine.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1173 head. The prices realized were from 12 to 13 cts ₽ lb. 80 Cows brought from $30 to 80 ₽ head. 4200 Sheep were sold at from 9 to 10c ₽ lb. 500 Hogs at from $7,50 to 8,37½ ₽ cwt, net.

From the Lafayette (Ind.) Daily Courier.

It rarely happens that in our editorial capacity our readers find us premeditatedly, and with malice aforethought, engaged in puffing any patent medicine; but during our late visit to Pittsburg Landing there was one medicine which we found in the hands of nearly every soldier, giving relief wherever applied, whether internally or externally. We refer to PERRY DAVIS' VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER. All spoke loud in its favor, and the kind-hearted Surgeon of one of our Indiana regiments informed us that he believed it was the only thing that saved at least half of his regiment from dying of dysentery during a long march, and we cannot help suggesting to our friends among the army sutlers that it is one of the remedies they should never be out of.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 28th ultimo, by the Rev. J. Edwards, D. D., John H. Culbertson, to Miss Theora A. Thomas.

In Macon, Georgia, Feb. 4, by Bishop Elliott, William R. Fleming, to Harriet C. Barnitt, daughter of Robt. Hazlehurst, Esq.

On the 5th instant, according to the order of the Society of Friends, Samuel H. Gartley, to Mary C. Ellis, both of this city.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. A. Manship, Mr. Charles Schenck, to Miss Sarah Campbell, both of this city.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Reginald M. Potts, to Emeline A. daughter of the late Jos. A. Shivers, both of this city.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. A. G. McAuley, Mr. James Goulut, to Miss Sarah Cobbison, both of this city.

On the 7th of April, 1863, by J. G. Wilson, V. D. M., George Baisly, to Emma Parker, both of this city.

On the 28th ultimo, by the Rev. W. Sterrett, John McFarland, to Miss Margaret Kennady, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 6th instant, Justin E. Bird, in his 30th year.

On the 6th instant, Mrs. Margaretta Perit, widow of the late John W. Perit, in her 83d year.

On the 5th instant, Miss Ann Graham, aged 54 years.

On the 5th instant, Mary, wife of Thomas Fisher, and daughter of Harriet and Charles Ewing, in her 23d year.

On the 4th instant, Mrs. Elizabeth Custer, in her 69th year.

On the 4th instant, Letitia Long, wife of Wm. Long, in her 80th year.

On the 3d instant, Mrs. Margaret D. wife of Wm. K. Davis.

On the 3d instant, Mr. William Day, in his 61st year.

On the 3d instant, Elizabeth Bolton, wife of the late Thos. Bolton, aged 63 years.

On the 2d instant, George W. Baum, of the 118th (Corn Exchange) regt., P. V., in his 36th year.

On the 2d instant, James Ewing, in his 48th year.

BANK NOTE LIST.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post by Withers & Peterson, Bankers, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, May 9, 1863.

Alabama	50 dis.	Mississippi,	—
Canada,	44 prem.	Missouri,	2 dis.
Connecticut,	1 dis.	New Brunswick,	25 prem.
Delaware,	par.	New Hampshire,	1 dis.
Dist. of Columbia,	1 dis.	New Jersey,	par to 1 dis.
Florida,	— dis.	New York City,	1 dis.
Georgia,	60 dis.	New York State,	1 dis.
Illinois,	3 dis.	North Carolina,	40 dis.
Indiana,	1 to 5 dis.	Nova Scotia,	17 prem.
Iowa,	1 dis.	Ohio,	1 dis.
Kansas,	—	Pennsylvania,	par to 1 dis.
Kentucky,	1 dis.	Rhode Island,	1 dis.
Louisiana,	10 dis.	South Carolina,	20 dis.
Maine,	1 dis.	Tennessee,	10 dis.
Maryland,	1 to 1 dis.	Texas,	—
Massachusetts,	1 dis.	Vermont,	1 dis.
Michigan,	1½ dis.	Virginia,	50 dis.
Minnesota,	—	Wisconsin,	1 dis.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My ONQUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order.
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GEO. N. LEWIS, 28 West Sixth St., Cincinnati.
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AT ODDS.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "QUITS," "THE INITIALS," &c, &c.

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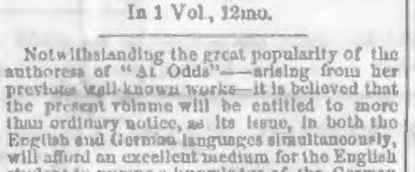

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The Proprietor will devote his personal attention to the Profession at this House, and construct the "PALMER LIMBS" (under the New Patents), in *unexampled perfection. Thousands of these Limbs* are worn (though few are suspected), and a galaxy of *gold and silver medals* (50 "First Prizes" won, over all competition, in the principal cities of the world), attests the public value of these inventions. *All genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.*

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in need of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

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WHEELER & WILSON'S SEWING MACHINES,

AT REDUCED PRICES.

OFFICE 505 BROADWAY, N. Y.

New York, November, 1861.

The curtailment of litigation expenses, consequent upon the recent decisions of the United States Courts, which confirm the validity of our patents and interdict their infringement, enables us to benefit the public by important reductions in the prices of our SEWING MACHINES. They are now sold with *valuable improvements* at the following reduced

PRICES:

No. 1 Machine, Silver Plated, with Full Case, Polished Rosewood,	$100,00
Half Case, Polished Rosewood,	80,00
Half Case, Paneled, Black Walnut,	70,00
Plain Table,	65,00
No. 3 Machine, Plain, with Half Case, Polished Black Walnut or Mahogany,	$55,00
Half Case, Paneled,	50,00
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The **HIGHEST PREMIUM** has been awarded for the **WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINES**, at the **WORLD'S FAIR**, now being held in London, England, with all other Sewing Machines in competition.

[The number 3, plain table, (worth $45) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a Premium for The Post—*see Prospectus.* We will arrange for either of the other machines manufactured by Wheeler & Wilson, at a proportionate increase of subscribers and money.

DEACON & PETERSON,
Publishers Saturday Evening Post.]

UNITED STATES

FIVE-TWENTIES;

OR,

TWENTY-YEAR

SIX PER CENT. BONDS,

PAYABLE AT THE OPTION OF THE GOVERNMENT AFTER FIVE YEARS.

I am instructed by the SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY to receive Subscriptions for the above

LOAN AT PAR,

THE INTEREST TO COMMENCE FROM DATE OF DEPOSIT,

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PAYABLE IN GOLD, AT THE MINT,

Or the Sub-Treasury or Depository of the United States,

On the first day of May and November of each year.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.

On and after JULY 1st, 1863, the privilege of converting the present issue of LEGAL TENDER NOTES into the NATIONAL SIX PER CENT. LOAN (commonly called "Five-Twenties") will cease.

All who wish to invest in the Five-Twenty Loan must, therefore, apply before the 1st of July next.

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DR. TOBIAS'S VENETIAN LINIMENT has given universal satisfaction during the fourteen years it has been introduced into the United States. After being tried by millions, it has been proclaimed the pain destroyer of the world. Pain cannot be where this Liniment is applied. If used as directed it cannot and never has failed in a single instance. For Colds, Coughs and Influenza, it can't be beat. One 25 cent bottle will cure all the above, besides being useful in every family for sudden accidents, such as Burns, Cuts, Scalds, Insect Stings, &c. It is perfectly innocent to take internally, and can be given to the oldest person or youngest child. Price 25 and 50 cents a bottle. Office, 56 Cortlandt Street, New York. Sold by all Druggists. ap18-eow3t

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FOR THE

CARD PORTRAITS OF FRIENDS AND OTHERS.

For a list of kinds and prices we refer to the Saturday Evening Post of January 17—or any number for two months previous to that date. Or such a list will be forwarded by writing to

DEACON & PETERSON,
319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

NOT ALCOHOLIC.

A HIGHLY CONCENTRATED VEGETABLE EXTRACT.

A PURE TONIC.

DR. HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS

PREPARED BY

DR. C. M. JACKSON,

Philadelphia, Pa.,

Will effectually cure
Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Jaundice,
Chronic or Nervous Debility, Diseases of the Kidneys,
and all diseases arising from a disordered
Liver or Stomach,
such
as Constipation, Inward Piles,
Fullness of Blood to the
Head, Acidity of the Stomach,
Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food,
Fullness or weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the
Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried and Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or
Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness
of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and
Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes,
Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs,
&c., &c., Sudden Flushes of Heat,
Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of
Evil, and great
Depression of
Spirits.

And will positively prevent Yellow Fever, Bilious Fever, &c.

They contain
NO ALCOHOL OR BAD WHISKEY.
They will cure the above diseases in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS
Are not a new and untried article, but have stood the test of fifteen years' trial by the American public, and their reputation and sale are not rivalled by any similar preparation.

The Proprietors have thousands of letters from the most eminent
CLERGYMEN,
LAWYERS,
PHYSICIANS
AND
CITIZENS,
Testifying, of their own personal knowledge, to the beneficial effects and medical virtues of these Bitters.

DO YOU WANT SOMETHING TO STRENGTHEN YOU?
DO YOU WANT A GOOD APPETITE?
DO YOU WANT TO BUILD UP YOUR CONSTITUTION?
DO YOU WANT TO FEEL WELL?
DO YOU WANT TO GET RID OF NERVOUSNESS?
DO YOU WANT ENERGY?
DO YOU WANT TO SLEEP WELL?
DO YOU WANT A BRISK AND VIGOROUS FEELING?

If you do, use HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.

FROM REV. J. NEWTON BROWN, D. D., EDITOR OF THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE.

Although not disposed to favor or recommend Patent Medicines in general, through distrust of their ingredients and effects, I yet know of no sufficient reasons why a man may not justify to the benefits he believes himself to have received from any simple preparation, in the hope that he may thus contribute to the benefit of others.

I do this the more readily in regard to Hoofland's German Bitters, prepared by its C. M. JACKSON, of this city, because I was prejudiced against them for many years, under the impression that they were chiefly an alcoholic mixture. I am indebted to my friend Robert Shoemaker, Esq., for the removal of this prejudice by proper tests, and for encouragement to try them, when suffering from great and long continued debility. The use of three bottles of these Bitters, at the beginning of the present year, was followed by evidences of, and a restoration to a degree of bodily and mental vigor which I had not felt for six months before, and had almost despaired of regaining. I therefore thank God and my friend for directing me to the use of them.
J. NEWTON BROWN.
Philadelphia, June 23, 1861.

FROM THE REV. JOS. H. KENNARD, PASTOR OF THE TENTH BAPTIST CHURCH.

Dr. Jackson—Dear Sir:—I have been frequently requested to connect my name with commendations of different kinds of medicines, but, regarding the practice as out of my appropriate sphere, I have in all cases declined; but with a clear proof in various instances, and particularly in my own family, of the usefulness of Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, I depart for once from my usual course, to express my full conviction that *for general debility of the system, and especially for Liver Complaint, it is a safe and valuable preparation.* In some cases it may fail; but usually, I doubt not, it will be very beneficial to those who suffer from the above causes.
Yours, very respectfully,
J. H. KENNARD,
Eighth below Coates Street, Phila.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

There are many preparations sold under the name of Bitters, put up in quart bottles, compounded of the cheapest whiskey or common rum, costing from 20 to 40 cents per gallon, the taste disguised by Anise or Coriander Seed.

This class of Bitters has caused, and will continue to cause, as long as they can be sold, hundreds to die the death of the drunkard. By their use the system is kept continually under the influence of Alcoholic Stimulants of the worst kind, the desire for Liquor is created and increased, and the result is all the horrors attendant upon delirium tremens—life is rendered a burden.

For those who desire and WILL HAVE a Liquor Bitters, we publish the following receipt:—Get ONE BOTTLE OF HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS and mix with THREE QUARTS OF GOOD BRANDY OR WHISKEY, and the result will be a preparation that will FAR EXCEL in medicinal virtues and true excellence any of the numerous Liquor Bitters in the market, and will COST MUCH LESS. You will have all the virtues of HOOFLAND'S BITTERS in connection with a GOOD article of Liquor, at a much less price than these inferior preparations will cost you.

ATTENTION, SOLDIERS!
AND THE FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS.

We call the attention of all having relations or friends in the army to the fact that "HOOFLAND'S German Bitters" will cure nine-tenths of the diseases induced by exposures and privations incident to camp life. In the lists, published almost daily in the newspapers, on the arrival of the sick, it will be noticed that a very large proportion are suffering from debility. Every case of that kind can be readily cured by Hoofland's German Bitters. Diseases resulting from disorders of the digestive organs are speedily removed. We have no hesitation in stating that if these Bitters were freely used among our soldiers, hundreds of lives might be saved that otherwise will be lost.

We call particular attention to the following remarkable and well authenticated cure of one of the nation's heroes, whose life, to use his own language, "has been saved by the Bitters."

Philadelphia, August 2d, 1862.

Messrs. Jones & Evans:—Well, gentlemen, your Hoofland's German Bitters has saved my life. There is no mistake in this. It is vouched for by numbers of my comrades, some of whose names are appended, and who personally cognizant of all the circumstances of my case. I am, and have been for the last four years, a member of Sherman's celebrated battery, and under the immediate command of Captain R. B. Ayres.—Through the exposure attendant upon my arduous duties, I was attacked in November last with Inflammation on of the Lungs, and was for seventy-two days in the hospital. This was followed by great debility, heightened by an attack of dysentery. I was then removed from the White House and sent to this city on board of the steamer State of Maine, from which I landed on the 28th of June. Since that time I have been about as low as any one could be and still retain a spark of vitality. For a week or more I was scarcely able to swallow anything, and if I did force a morsel down, it was immediately thrown up again.

I could not even keep a glass of water on my stomach. Life could not last under these circumstances; and accordingly the physicians, who had been working faithfully, though unsuccessfully, to rescue me from the grasp of the dread sicker, frankly told me they could do no more for me, and advised me to see a clergyman, and to make such disposition of my limited funds as best suited me. An acquaintance who visited me at the hospital, Mr. Frederick Steelman, of 8th below Arch Street, advised me, as a forlorn hope, to try your Bitters, and kindly procured a bottle. From the time I commenced taking them the gloomy shadow of death receded, and I am now, thank God for it, getting better. Though I have taken but two bottles, I have gained ten pounds, and I feel sanguine of being permitted to rejoin my wife and daughter, from whom I have heard nothing for eighteen months; for, gentlemen, I am a loyal Virginian, from the vicinity of Front Royal. To your invaluable Bitters I owe the certainty of life which has taken the place of vague fears—to your Bitters will I owe the glorious privilege of again clasping to my bosom those who are dearest to me in life.

Very truly yours, ISAAC MALONE.

We fully concur in the truth of the above statement, as we had despaired of seeing our comrade, Mr. Malone, restored to health.

John Cuddeback, First New York Battery.
Gerson A. Ackley, Co. C, Eleventh Maine.
Lewis Chevalier, Ninety-Second New York.
J. E. Spencer, First Artillery, Battery F.
J. R. Fakewell, Co. B, Third Vermont.
Henry B. Jerome, Co. B, Third Vermont.
Henry T. Macdonald, Co. C, Sixth Maine.
John F. Ward, Co. F, Fifth Maine.
Hyeman Kerr, Co. H, Seventy-second New York.
Nathaniel R. Thomas, Co. F, Ninety-fifth Penna.
Andrew J. Kimball, Co. A, Third Vermont.
John Jenkins, Co. B, One-hundred-and-Sixth Pa.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS!

See that the signature of "C. M. JACKSON" is on the WRAPPER of each bottle.

PRICE PER BOTTLE, 75 CENTS.
Or HALF DOZEN FOR $4.

Should your nearest Druggist not have the article, do not be put off by any of the intoxicating preparations that may be offered in its place, but send to us, and we will forward, post-paid, by express.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE AND MANUFACTORY,
No. 631 ARCH STREET, PHILADA.
JONES & EVANS,
(Successor to C. M. Jackson & Co

Wit and Humor.

ANECDOTES.

FROM HARPER'S MONTHLY.

In a town in Connecticut resides a man who made a fortune in the milk business by not giving full measure. As he grew rich he thought he would change his occupation to something more respectable, and accordingly bought a grist-mill. In conversation with his wife, he said he did not feel right about the cheating which he had practised in the milk business, and wished some way could be devised whereby he could repay in the grist-mill what he had cheated in the other. At last they settled on the following plan, which was to have the measures made which they took toll with as much too large as the milk measures were too small.

An old lady, a resident of Providence, who had never ridden in the cars, was persuaded, by the combined efforts of her children, James and Mary, to accompany them on an excursion, she all the time saying that she knew something would happen. She took her seat with fear and trembling, taking hold of the arm of the seat next the passage-way. The train was late, as excursion trains are usually, and in coming round a curve the Boston express train was on the same track, both nearing each other rather faster than was pleasant. The momentum of each train was nearly lost, and they only came together with a chuck, which pitched the old lady on her face in the passage-way between the seats. She rose to her hands and knees, and, looking back, asked, "Jeems, do they allus stop like that?"

During the advance from Nashville, Rosecrans had given orders that no fires should be built. He had a habit of riding around the outposts of the army to observe how his orders were kept. So, on the 29th of December, 1862, while riding along the top of a hill, alone, on the very extremity of our right, just below him, he saw a fire, with a party of men gathered round it.

"Hallo, boys! what regiment do you belong to?"

"Second Michigan infantry," replied the soldiers, not knowing who he was, as, owing to the darkness, they could only see he was a mounted man, and no more.

"Haven't you heard the orders about making fires, boys?"

"Yes; but we thought we would make a little coffee. Besides, the 'Butternuts' can't see us here."

Just as he said this, a shell from one of the enemies' batteries, the gunners of which had observed the light, fell into the very centre of the little crowd, and bursting, killed and wounded four of them.

"That's right, boys," cried the General; "make your coffee, break the orders, and catch the shells."

Mr M., of northern Vermont, is *not* distinguished for liberality, either of purse or opinion. His ruling passion is a fear of being cheated. The loss, whether real or fancied, of a few cents, would give him more pain than the destruction of our entire navy. He one day bought a large cake of tallow at a country store at ten cents a pound. On breaking it to pieces at home, it was found to contain a large cavity. This he considered a terrible disclosure of cupidity and fraud. He drove furiously back to the store, entered in great excitement, bearing the tallow, and exclaiming,

"Here, you rascal, you have cheated me! Do you call that an honest cake of tallow? It is hollow, and there ain't near so much of it as there appeared to be. I want you to make it right."

"Certainly, certainly," replied the merchant. "I'll make it right. I didn't know the cake was hollow. Let me see; you paid ten cents per pound. Now, Mr. N., *how much do you suppose that that hole would weigh?*"

Mr. N. returned home with the dishonest tallow, but was never quite satisfied that he had not been cheated by buying holes at ten cents per pound.

Old Captain B., of Vergennes, was largely engaged in the coopering business, and being in want of a quantity of hoop-poles, beset Joe Whitlock to furnish him a lot.

"Why, Cap'n," said Joe, "I hain't got no hoop poles!"

"Well, well, Joe, steal 'em—steal 'em! You can steal 'em, can't you?"

In a few days Joe answered the Captain's question by delivering several loads of the desired article, for which he received money enough to keep him in a state of exceeding bliss for a month.

"Now, Joe," said the Captain, after paying him for the staddles, "how did you get 'em?"

"Why, stole 'em, Cap'n, of course, as you told me to."

"Yes, I know; but *where* did you steal 'em?"

"Oh," said Joe, jingling the Spanish milled dollars in his pocket, "*up in your woods, Cap'n.*"

Tradition saith not how Captain B. relished Joe's method of putting his advice in practice, nor whether he ever thereafter employed him in the getting of his hoop-poles.

In Nelson (a village better known under the euphonious title of Skunk Hollow) there used to live a rough old genius named James Bumpus, and called—by his familiars at first, and at last by everybody—Jim Bump. One day, as he went rolling through the little village, half seas over, he saw, thrown carelessly upon the ground, a bag, upon which stood out plainly the characters "G. B." Old Jim stopped, looked at it askant, and at last picked it up and carried it off in triumph, muttering,

"G. B.—Jim Bump. That bag's *mine!*"

A correspondent in the army of the Union now in Tennessee, writes:

During the pursuit that followed the battle of Shiloh, the body-servant of Gen. Bragg was captured. Being brought before Gen. Buell, he was questioned as to the incidents of the battle. Among other things he said:

"Dem gunboats of yourn is mighty institutions. De night arter the battle, when the secess ware in your tents, s'posin' dey would have a fine time, de big guns on the boats would go boom. Den a big shell would come up through the woods, blazin' like a lamp-post, a-huntin' the secess, and sayin', '*What is you! what is you!*' and wherever it would find a big crowd it would drop right down thar." The deep voice of the old negro so closely imitated the whirr of a large shell, that the assembled generals burst into a hearty laugh.

When Colonel Daniel M'Cook's regiment was lying at Camp Dennison, a brawny recruit from one of the eastern counties, who stuttered badly, was put upon guard-duty for the first time. A citizen attempted to pass the line. Recruit yelled out, "H-h-h-alt!" The citizen, who either did not understand him or paid no attention, was going on, when the sentinel carefully laid his bright "Springfield" upon the ground, and knocked the intruder down, saying, in his stuttering way, "There, now, mind the next time. If I ain't much with the frogsticker yet I'm heavy with the fist." The recruit's fine behavior at Perryville afterward showed that he soon became "heavy" with the musket.

THE PALM TREE.

When palm-trees are represented by art, we observe nothing but a columnar stem, smooth or annulated, rising high into the air, and crowned with a circlet of vast leaves, projecting on all sides, pendent, tremulous, with softly plumed extremities, which are put in motion by the slightest breath. It is therefore commonly inferred that the palm is naturally leafless, except at the summit, whereas, in truth, the young trees rises like an aloe plant from a thick and close investiture of leaves, long near the root, and growing shorter and shorter as they ascend, till they terminate in a point like an obelisk. Nothing can exceed in beauty or depth of verdure a plantation of young palms, before the cultivator has begun to apply the pruning-knife, which is generally when the tree has attained the age of six or seven years. The lower leaves are then cut off, and the tree shoots rapidly aloft, till, in the course of fifty years, it averages from a hundred to a hundred and twenty feet in height, and is at the acme of its strength and productiveness. In this mature and prolific state, it remains during other fifty years, till, having attained the age of a full century, it begins, though very slowly, to lose the power of bearing, and when it has braved the heat and storms of two hundred years, may be said to be nearly barren. Still, it does not die; but retaining much of its beauty, though without productiveness, continues to cheer and gladden the aspect of the desert with its graceful figure, not the less interesting because touched by decay. The sun which impregnated it at first with vitality and force, is loath to destroy the loveliness which it called into existence, and pityingly spares the palm for the space of six hundred years, after which it submits to the general laws of nature; though in India, individual palms of some species are said to reach the age of a thousand years.

A HAPPY WOMAN.

What spectacle more pleasing does the world afford than a happy woman, contented in her sphere, ready all the time to benefit her little world by her exertions, and transforming the briars and thorns of life into the roses of Paradise by the magic of her touch? There are those who are thus happy because they cannot help it—no misfortunes dampen their sweet smiles, and they diffuse a cheerful glow around them as they pursue the even tenor of their way. They have the secret of contentment, whose value is above the philosopher's stone; for, without seeking the baser exchange of gold, which may buy some sorts of pleasure, they convert everything they touch into joy. What their condition is makes no difference. They may be rich or poor, high or low, admired or forsaken by the fickle world—but the sparkling fountain of happiness bubbles up in their hearts and makes them radiantly beautiful. Though they live in a log cabin, they make it shine with a lustre which Kings and Queens may covet, and they make wealth a fountain of blessings to the children of poverty. Happy women are the highest types of humanity, and we cannot say how much we owe to them for the progress of the race. Would there were enough to go round!

EVERY ARTIST HIS OWN MODEL.

Old Mr. Gaffer, disappointed by his model at the eleventh hour, bravely finishes his "Old Applewoman Knitting" from himself—and a capital piece of painting it is.

THE CONDITION OF ENGLAND.

The condition of England as statistically given by the London correspondent of the New York Times is given below. It presents topics for curious if not anxious speculations. The stupendous artificial, selfish system has prospered for centuries, giving to the world one of the greatest of nations. But how long this golden superstructure will stand on its basis of social and political injustice, will be among the great facts to be elucidated by the future historians. The working of the moral laws of cause or effect must sooner or later bring on a day of retribution.

It is pleasant enough for the aristocracy—the upper and wealthy class, who number 1,000,000. These have ample and assumed incomes, and no necessity for labor and exertion. They have only to govern the nation with whatever wisdom they may happen to have and amuse themselves. The g[illegible] middle class or merchants, professional [illegible] clerks, &c., are also tolerably well off [illegible] these there are no less than 9,000,000, with incomes, averaging $750 a year for each family, or $150 a head. Were the nation composed only of these ten millions it would be a very comfortable one. But now we come to a lower stratum, the great laboring class of operatives, mechanics and agricultural laborers, who have no property, and are dependent upon their daily work for daily bread. They number 18,000,000, and their wages in the best of times, do not average more than $4 a week, and this in a country where provisions are much dearer than in America, and where the taxes amount to nearly $400,000,000 per annum. The wages of agricultural laborers are 15 shillings a week, on which a whole family must live, and if lost time is reckoned, they probably do not average $3.20 a week. Even some of the employes of the Government are very poorly paid. Letter carriers have from $3.75 to $5 a week. Policemen have $5 a week. The better classes of mechanics get $9 a week, and a very few, in branches requiring special skill, or involving special hardship, get as high as $10 or $12 a week. These, however, are few and far between. The average income of the eight millions of the working people of the United Kingdom is 3 shillings, say 80 cents a head per week, and for this they must get rent, clothing, food, and whatever luxuries they are able to enjoy.

Below this class which is always on the verge of pauperism, and a great portion of which can look forward to no end but the poorhouse, there is the class of actual paupers, which is the same in number as that of the aristocracy—1,000,000—now somewhat larger by reason of the cotton famine.

MAN.

It is important to remember that the *present condition* of things may be very different from the *ultimate design*. I have seen the rose when only the thorn appeared. The careless traveller was wounded as he passed that way. When I saw it again, there was a sweet flower, that loaded the passing breeze with its precious odors. I love to think it so with man—that what is most beautiful in his nature is not, at present, discernible. It is not yet unfolded to the view; or, to use the language of an apostle, "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." Man may now appear to be a thorn in the moral vineyard; yet there is, in his nature, a germ that is destined to unfold itself in a more genial clime. As the plant must necessarily pass through the successive stages of previous development before it blossoms in the sunlight, so the interior faculties of the spirit must be progressively unfolded, until the soul blooms in the garden of God, filling the atmosphere with immortal fragrance.

CONCILIATORY MANNERS.—In families well ordered there is always one firm and sweet temper, which controls without seeming to dictate. The essence of all fine breeding is in the gift of conciliation. A man who possesses every other title to our respect except that of courtesy, is in danger of forfeiting them all. A rude manner renders its owner always liable to affront. He is never without dignity who avoids wounding the dignity of others.

Useful Receipts.

TO POP CORN—CORN BALLS.—If lard is plenty put a fourth of a teacupful in a kettle, if scarce one-half the amount will answer; heat until it begins to smoke; pour in one-half cup of corn and stir until it begins to pop, then cover with a cloth and keep quiet till it ceases; then pour into a pan, and, lo! the half cup of corn is now a half pan full of rich, crisp, and snowy white corn, resembling large snow flakes. Then take a half cup of sorgho syrup and boil to a candy, and stir in the corn while hot; cool and make into balls. Of course wife or sister will make the candy and the balls, for your or my hands would not look well in things so nice and tasting so good. I think hundreds of boys will be glad to learn this of pop corn.—*Prairie Farmer.*

RICE CAKES.—A correspondent of "Field Notes" gives the following:—"While visiting the West India Islands, I became very fond of rice cooked after this fashion:—They boil the rice in the usual manner and let it cool, then add a little water or milk to it, making it about the consistency of common buckwheat cakes. Add to this a little salt and a handful of flour, and bake on a griddle as you would batter cakes and buckwheat. An egg will help some by making them bake quicker. Try it, housekeepers—I think you will find it an excellent dish. Any dyspeptic can eat them."

A NEW TOOTH-POWDER.—Roasted rye is recommended as tooth-powder, from the fact that, in all those countries where bread made of rye is the food of the generality of the inhabitants, the latter are remarkable for the whiteness, strength and durability of their teeth. Savoy and Landes are instances of this truth. Schrader has found 500 grammes of ashes of rye to contain 7 grammes of carbonate of lime, 9.9 ditto of magnesia, 7.2 of oxide of iron and manganese, and 1.9 of silica, all of which substances have a favorable effect on the teeth. Rye, finely pulverized and used daily as a tooth-powder, is said to stop caries, and promptly cure the small abscesses which are often formed on the gums.

THE cheapest and most nutritious vegetable used for food is beans. Prof. Liebig says that pork and beans form a compound of substances peculiarly adapted to furnish all that is necessary to support life. A quart of beans and a half-pound of pork will feed a small family for a day with good strengthening food. Four quarts of beans and two pounds of corned beef, boiled to rags, in fifty quarts of water, will furnish a good meal for forty men.

BOILING POTATOES.—This is a formula:—Let each mess be of equal size. Let the water boil before putting the potatoes in.—When done, pour off the water and scatter three or four tablespoonsful of salt, cover the pot with a coarse cloth, and return it to the fire for a short time. Watery potatoes are made mealy by this process.

Agricultural.

"If Gold was at Par, What would be the Price of Grain?"

If a gold dollar is worth $1.50, and a bushel of wheat in New York was worth $1.50 to send to Europe, it is clear that if the gold dollar should be worth only 100 cents, the bushel of wheat, for the same purpose, would be worth only 100 cents. But suppose the bushel of wheat to be in a part of the West where the expense of sending it to New York was 50 cents. If the wheat is worth $1.50 in New York, it is worth $1.00 in the West; but let gold fall to par and wheat to $1.00, and the bushel of wheat in the West would be worth only 50 cents.

If we take corn and assume that it is worth in New York, when a gold dollar is worth $1.50, 75 cents per bushel, it would be worth, with gold at par, 50 cents. Now supposing, as before, it cost 50 cents a bushel to send this corn to New York, the farmer in the West would get, at the present price of gold, 25 cents a bushel for this corn; but if gold should fall to par he would get *nothing!*

We think there is no mistake in these figures. The fact is, prices on a specie paying basis, are now, and have been for the past year, very low. We see this in Canada. There is no reason why wheat in Canada is not worth as much as it is with us, less the few cents it costs to bring it here, and yet it is 40 to 50 cents a bushel cheaper. It would be so with us if we paid in specie. The further you go West, the greater would be the difference in present prices and what the price would be if gold was at par; and we should soon reach a point where corn could not be sent to New York if it could be obtained for nothing.

Two years ago, at this time, we were offered shelled corn in Bloomington, Ill., for ten cents a bushel. In the English markets corn was at that time ten cents a bushel higher than it is at present. Freights are as high now as then, and but for the advance in gold not a bushel of corn could be sent at present prices from Central Illinois to Europe.—*Genesee Farmer.*

ABOUT POSTS AND RAILS.

Joseph Roberts, of Ridgeway, Wisconsin, writes the Wisconsin Farmer: "I can produce poplar rails, made in the month of April, in the year 1846, that are sound this day, free from rot, and better than any oak rail I have in my fence, made at the same date. The trees were felled after the leaf had come out, and in splitting the trees the bark came off, and every rail being free from bark, the timber seasoned at once—hence the durability."—*Journal of Agriculture.*

REMARKS.—We have now upon our premises common cedar posts planted in the spring of 1847, which have done their work, and will be removed next spring, after a service of sixteen years.—*Ed.*

REMARKS No. 2.—We have just taken up a garden fence 335 feet in length, which was built in April, 1847, and in which was used common cedar posts, not one of which had been replaced, and full one-third of them was reset and look as though they might last another sixteen years.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

PLANTING OUT STRAWBERRIES.—In alluding to this subject again, we desire to impress upon all who have the ground and desire a bed of strawberries, that it is quite as easy to have it as it is a bed of onions. Prepare the bed well by digging full spade deep, give it a good supply of manure, and work the ground fine. Let the bed or beds be three feet wide and as long as you please; set the plants, say a foot apart each way. Procure the Triomphe de Gand and Hovey varieties, and set them row about. Or if one variety only is preferred, choose the first. As hills require more labor and care, set as here directed and let them run together. They must be kept clear of weeds the first season; afterwards the vines will so completely cover the ground as to keep down the weeds without help. Cover late in autumn with a coat of light manure, the roughest portion of which only should be removed in the spring.

A bed extemporized and cared for in this way, will last five or six years without renewal.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

A NEW "STEEP" FOR CORN.—A correspondent of the Country Gentleman adopted last year the plan of wetting or oiling his seed corn with kerosene—using about a quart of oil to a bushel of corn. The corn was placed in a tub and the oil poured upon it—not enough to swell it, but to moisten or oil the outside of all the kernels. It remained in this condition from six to twelve hours. It was then dried off with flour. Plaster, of course, would have been better. The object in view was to prevent the crows and birds from pulling the young corn. The experiment was successful so far as their eating the corn was concerned, for the strong and repulsive odor of the oil rendered it entirely unpalatable to the birds.

☞ LAW OF PLEASURE.—The law of the pleasure in having done anything for another is, that the one almost immediately forgets having given, and the other remembers eternally having received.

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 7 letters.
My 7, 4, 1, is a useful plant.
My 4, 6, 1, is a remarkable insect.
My 3, 1, 5, is a kind of inclosure.
My 1, 2, 6, 5, is a boy's nickname.
My whole is what *all* should *learn.*

JOS. S. ROSS, Jr.

Richmond Place, Cincinnati.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is a boy's nickname.
My 2nd spells the name of one of the letters of the English alphabet.
My 3rd is what some persons are very liable to do when they are caught at wrong-doing.
My 4th is a preposition.
My whole is a flower.

Capt. L. B. CHESTER.

Mount Auburn, Cincinnati.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Suppose there should be a certain large bowl, whose hollow part should be of a semi-spherical form, of eighteen inches diameter at the top and nine inches deep. Now if this bowl, standing level on its bottom, should be filled and heaped with 4-inch bullets, as many as may be placed on it that will remain to lie thereon by their own gravity, without falling off, how many bullets—inside the said bowl, and on the top thereof—can thus be rested? And if then, after the said semi-sphere is thus filled and heaped, the empty space between the bullets is filled up with water until ready to run over at the rim, how much water will it yet contain besides the bullets? And how many of the so-placed bullets on the top will in any way be touched by the water?

The above is in fact a three-fold problem; requiring three different cases, solutions and answers. If any mathematician is able to solve one part thereof, without being able to solve the others, I nevertheless wish that he might address me, or make the answer and plan of solution known through The Post.

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It is required to find two numbers, such that the cube root of the first, increased by the square root of the second, equals 2,318, and the cube root of the second, increased by the square root of the first, equals 1,500.

FRANCIS W. HIBBARD.

Darrowville, Belmont Co., Ohio.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What is the difference between a mischievous mouse and a beautiful young lady? Ans.—One harms the cheese, and the other charms the he's.

☞ Why is sympathy like blind man's buff? Ans.—It is a fellow feeling for a fellow creature.

☞ Why is the sun like a good loaf? Ans.—Because its light when it rises.

☞ Why is putting off a victorine like the lady who does it? Ans.—Because the wearing of it any longer is like herself—*defurred.*

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.—Marion Harland. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—"England expects every man to do his duty."—*Baron Nelson of the Nile.* CHARADE.—Name. (Mane, Amen, Mean, Mens.) RIDDLE.—Poultry. CHARADE. Schiller. (Chill, Hill, Ill, I.)

We publish the following rule for solving F. W. Hibbard's PROBLEM, published April 11th, sent by Artemas Martin.

RULE.

Multiply the number of acres contained in the whole farm by 160, and divide the product by 0.7853981633974483096; the square root of the quotient is the diameter of the farm. Multiply the diameter of the farm by the difference between the square root of 2 and 1; the product is the diameter of each son's circle. Multiply the diameter of the farm by the difference between 3 and twice the square root of 2; the product is the diameter of each daughter's circle. The mother's circle is equal to one of the daughters. The remainder of the solution is easy and obvious from an inspection of the necessary diagram.

Answer to Mr. Hibbard's PROBLEM, published April 11th.—The farm of each son is 205.88745 acres. Each daughter, 35.3247 acres. The mother retains 35.3247 acres. Distance of houses of two opposite sons, 258.9631 rods. Distance of houses of two adjoining, 204.8 rods. Distance of two opposite sisters, 409.6 rods. Distance of two nearest sisters, 288.9031 rods. Distance of sons' houses from mother's, 144.48155 rods. Distance of sons from farthest sisters, 338.8078 rods. Distance of daughters' houses from mother's, 204.8 rods. Distance of sons and daughters adjoining, 144.48155 rods. And the residue amounted to $9991.33445, at $50 per acre.

Baltimore. E. HAGERTY.

We have received answers to the above PROBLEM from W. W., Burlington, Iowa; Morgan Stevens, Scott Co., Iowa; and R. Barto, Lebanon Co., Pa. All slightly differing from E. Hagerty's answer, and, also, from each other, but owing to want of room cannot publish them.—*Ed. Riddler.*